

★ January 25 cents

The American Mercury



THE NEW DEAL MUST BE SALVAGED

By SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN: A CANDID PORTRAIT

By Alfred Duff Cooper

Former First Lord of the British Admiralty

Great God McNutt	Herbert Corey
German Admirals Expect Defeat	Fritz Sternberg
Mail Order Matrimony	David Robinson George
1930-1940, Decade of Deceit	Upton Close
It's Not Natural To Be Healthy	William M. Kinney, M.D.
The Fabulous Sassoons	Ernest O. Hauser
Archie Th' Oddlin'. A Story	Jesse Stuart
The Sex-Conscious Era	Burton Rascoe
Utopia on Fifth Avenue	Anonymous
The Santa Claus Industry	David Brown and Ernest Lehman
A Man Is Hanged	Wallace Biggs
Western Males Are Sissies	Stewart H. Holbrook
Life and Death of an Oyster	Alan Devoe
Lament for Ham-and-Eggs	Eugene Lyons
BOOKS	POETRY
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LUNACY: RIGHT AND LEFT	



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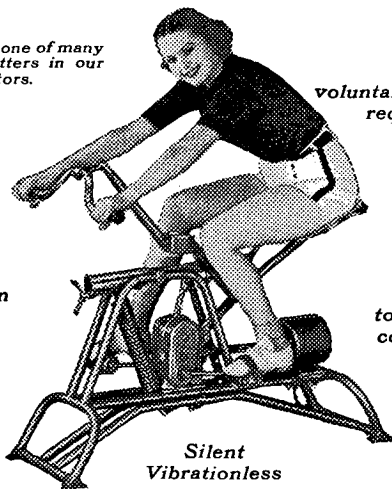
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VOLUME
XLIX

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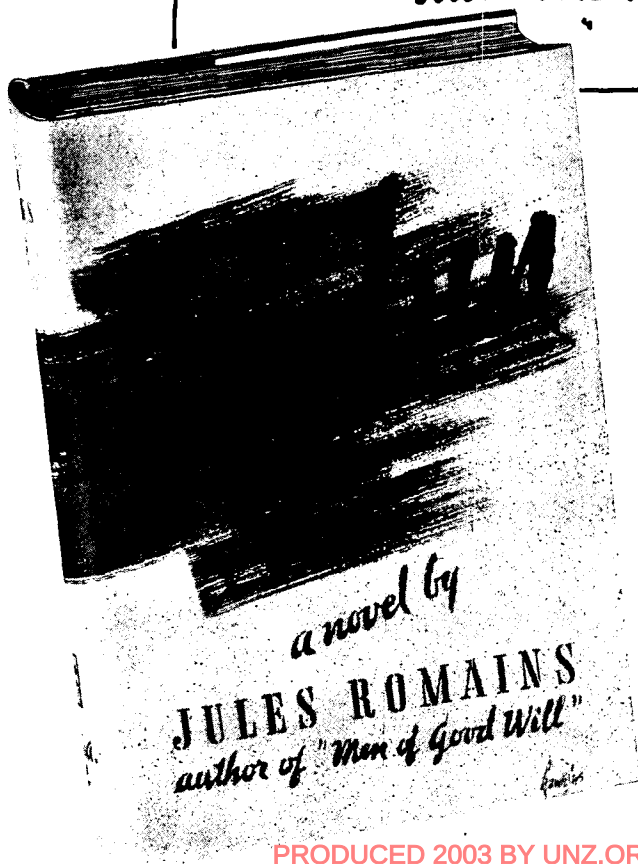
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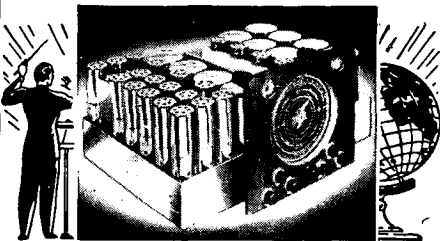
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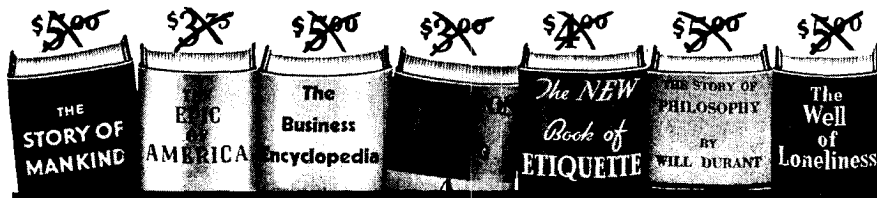
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The American MERCURY

THE NEW DEAL MUST BE SALVAGED

BY ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

THE AMERICAN MERCURY asks me: "What features of the New Deal should be preserved if there is a Republican victory in 1940?" I am not answering for the Republican Party; no one can do that except the next Republican National Convention, which ought to write a contract so plain, so courageous and so specific that no voter need be cheated in his expectations. I am not answering for the Republican-Democratic-Independent coalition which will be responsible for a "Republican victory in 1940"; no one can do that except the leadership this coalition accepts at the hands of the next Republican National Convention, which ought to be an All-American Convention just as the convention of 1864 was a Union Convention.

I am simply answering for one Republican coalitionist who has seen the wheels go round since the New Deal deserted the 1932 promises which brought it to power and substituted an indigestible mixture of forward-looking aspirations with backward-looking errors that have seemed "new" only because their curse and their collapse in other times is so ancient. I am not answering as a "conservative," although I believe in conservation of basic American institutions, in the lessons of history and experience, in the old-fashioned "horse-and-buggy" characteristics of individual liberty and thrift and aspiration, and in the prudent notion that all change is not progress just because it is change. I am not answering as a "liberal" (whatever that is), al-

though I heartily believe that human rights far outweigh property rights in their value and their challenge, tempered always with the reservation that property rights are among the greatest of human rights and that you can't have the latter without the former. I am not answering, heaven knows, as a synthetic Republican New Dealer, nor, heaven help me, as a stigmatized Old Dealer who thinks the world was finished day before yesterday.

I hope I am answering as a Square Dealer who is realist enough to perceive that civilization everywhere, America included, is in a state of flux; that new problems demand new answers; that the hands upon the clock of history cannot be turned back, no matter how much we may itch for the so-called good old days; that eight years of the New Deal have launched certain social concepts which, in their objectives, cannot and should not be reversed; that after you have made an omelette you can't get the eggs back again no matter how hard you may wish to. I perceive that we must go forward in social-mindedness as distinguished from sheer socialism; but that wishbone altruism has got to give way to backbone practicalities, and that a bankrupt Utopia

has got to be rescued from fascism at the right and communism at the left. I am answering as one who believes that 1940 is America's last chance to balance sense and sentiment. And so to the bill of particulars. . . .

Perhaps the quickest way to discover what should be salvaged from this breathless, pell-mell American Revolution is to make a swift survey of the debris that must be swept out. There is, for example, the wastrel theory that you can spend yourself into prosperity, which has nothing to show for itself except a national debt now crowding the \$45,000,000,000 ceiling and unemployment which, but for the stimulus of expectant war orders, would still haunt the maximums of the depression. There is the frank abandonment of budget balancing, despite six annual promises to the contrary. There is the whole philosophy of deficit-spending, which not only undermines the public credit and runs ultimately toward national bankruptcy or repudiation or equally suicidal inflation, but which also thus strikes at the very roots of the national confidence prerequisite to employment and prosperity. Clear this track — and watch America go!

There are the “funny money” ideas, exemplified by one devaluation and the lingering license for another, plus the purchase of unwanted gold from all the world at swollen prices and similar hospitality to silver on a bonanza basis — all accretions buried in the ground and sterile so far as American need is concerned, yet all fattening the dangerous reserves which one day threaten a fateful credit spree. There is the blight of punitive taxation that deliberately penalized success, and stunts the impulse to economic adventure and expansion. There is the ever-pressing threat of more government in business, either ruining private commerce and employment by its subsidized competition or harassing it with needlessly meddlesome regulation by ambitious bureaucrats who never met a payroll in their lives. There is the whole barnacle of bureaucracy with its swollen, tax-eating personnel which ever strives to draw more and more centralized power into Washington; our 130,000,000 people are too widely scattered and their problems too diversified to be successfully herded under one ambitious control at the nation’s Capitol. There are the concomitant political payrolls and payoffs, while civil service is more honored in

breach than in observance. There is also the correlating appetite in the Great White Father to run everything “by executive decree.” There is the inevitable lapse into political terrorism, dramatized by a series of attempted “purges.”

There is the kind of foreign policy envisioned by that notorious Chicago “quarantine speech” which, if it impulsively reverts some restless, reckless morning, would associate us with the business of punishing aggressors and policing the world. There is the matter of packing the Supreme Court, which didn’t really stop when the Court-packing bill itself was defeated. There are the persistent and deliberate calls to class divisions, class hatreds, and class warfare which dynamite the national unity essential to a renewal of our forward march toward better things for our whole people. There is the general disposition to make rubber of the Constitution. There is — well, that should suffice to indicate, in one parenthetical paragraph, that when a Republican realist (or a Jeffersonian Democrat) finds *some* New Deal trends that are worth preserving — or that have to be preserved, whether worth it or not — he still has ample grounds for insisting that the Republic needs new managers if it is to survive.

II

Now let's get back to the question, "What features of the New Deal should be preserved if there is a Republican victory in 1940?" "Features," I take it, means general objectives, regardless of how the objective may have been mauled and manhandled in the course of its pursuit; and "preserving," I take it, refers to the objective rather than to the particular technique with which we may at the moment be blessed or cursed.

The New Deal has definitely accepted Federal responsibility for Relief of all "employables" who are in distress. This general responsibility for Relief must continue. State and local taxing resources are inadequate to carry such a load. It is a national problem, and it must be treated as such. There will be no desertion of this obligation. Indeed, the obligation is even greater than that thus far accepted by Washington. It is not enough to talk everlastingly about "the unfed, unhoused, and unclothed" and "underprivileged third" of our people, and then turn back all of them except unemployed "employables" (and not all of these) to reliance upon state and local benefits which average about half the Federal benefits to the

"employables." That simply creates special privilege among the underprivileged; it is class legislation. A man may be just as hungry if he is not one of the New Deal's "employables."

The Federal obligation runs to all distressed citizens alike. It ought to be accepted in the American spirit of equality. The needed correction is obvious. Instead of attempting to discriminate between these citizens and to dictate destiny for a portion of them from Washington — thus maintaining double overhead expense of administration and encouraging the manipulations which play politics with human misery — the total problem of Relief should be unified in every state. The state should receive an annual, lump-sum grant from Washington representing the Federal government's contribution to the state's Relief problem as a whole. Then, except for certain generally controlling criteria to assure honest, equitable use of the money, state and local governments should be left to decide how best to meet their total Relief problem in the light of their intimate knowledge of their own needs and total available resources, after they have matched the Federal contribution on some appropriate basis. Thus "Relief"

will go back to the neighborly jurisdiction of "home rule," where it always heretofore has been better, more equitably and more economically handled. It will be policed in the only way it ever can be policed against exploitation; namely, by the power of "neighborhood opinion." There will be more actual Relief per Relief-dollar. There will be greater equity. There will be fewer favorites. The New Deal's objective will be preserved. But it will be vastly improved in its ministrations to our people as a whole. The Federal government will pay its share, but it will cease to dictate. And, by the way, just to keep the record straight, the Federal government actually began the acceptance of this humane responsibility under the Hoover administration.

Those who try to scare Relievers into thinking that "a Republican victory in 1940" will rob them of all Federal aid are simply preying upon the trepidations of misfortune. It just isn't so. An earlier Roosevelt organized the Ananias Club for such as these. A "Republican victory in 1940" will still provide Relief; but better still, it will hold the larger promise of real jobs at real wages through revived commerce — which is what most Relievers want.

The New Deal has taken advanced ground in aids to agriculture. Some of the aids have failed; some have done more harm than good. The ratio of farm prices received to prices paid was lower in 1939 than it was in 1930, 75 against 87, and that's a key test. The cotton policy probably has destroyed American cotton's indispensable export markets. The "scarcity" idea, as opposed to the "abundance" idea, is now pretty generally rejected. The old AAA and its subsequent paraphrases have reared a vast and bureaucratic mechanism which can become a real menace not only to the American farmer's individual liberty but also to the preservation of free, political institutions. Certainly the agricultural problem has come nowhere near being solved.

But, in spite of all the debits, progress has been made; and I agree with Master Taber of the National Grange when he said last November in his annual address:

Just as this Administration repealed but a part of the Farm Board Act, keeping the good provisions, so will any future farm program retain many of the hard-fought gains that have come through legislation, administration and development in recent years.

Certainly this applies to a scientific soil-conservation program sustained

by Federal funds and confined rigidly to soil conservation as distinguished from political conservation. It applies to the continuation of experiments in crop insurance, despite the first year's loss in this adventure. It applies to crop loans — held to a level which does not automatically make the government the owner instead of the loaner. It applies to the Surplus Commodity Corporation, with reservations. It applies to the furtherance of marketing agreements. It applies to the earnest pursuit of additional industrial uses for farm commodities. These ideas are by no means brand new since 1933 A.D.; the Republican McNary-Haugen Bill is the grandfather of practically all realistic farm relief.

But the New Deal *has* taken advanced ground in pressing the theory that the government has a right and a duty to invest public money in behalf of agricultural parity and prosperity. A "Republican victory in 1940" would not surrender any of the advanced ground worth holding. But it would seek to give both agriculture and the country its money's worth in return for these investments. I am sure it would sharply eliminate all competitive agricultural imports, thus making the tariff as effective as possible for agriculture, and then

concentrate benefit payments upon that portion of a crop domestically consumed in order to bring the domestic price to parity, releasing the surplus to facilitated export at world prices. Ultimately it would make the system self-contained and self-sustaining through some such device as an "equalization fee." In other words, the objective would be to give the American farmer the benefit of the two-price system which has been a major factor in protected industry's success. It is impossible to draw a completely conclusive line of demarcation between the good and the bad in any farm program because all of them are essentially experimental. But the experiments must go on constructively until a stable formula arrives because there can be no general prosperity in America without prosperity for agriculture *first*.

III

The New Deal has given organized labor a new Bill of Rights revolving round the right of collective bargaining through representatives of its own choosing. This right is here to stay, no matter what party wins in 1940. But the Wagner Act has created just as many problems as it has solved. These new problems have got to be constructively,

equitably, and courageously answered or labor, in the mass, will be just as plagued by its new hazards as it was by its old ones. Meanwhile general society, which has a vital stake in industrial peace, sees just as much need for protection against union-dictators as against employer-dictators. It was under the Wagner Act that the illegal sit-down strike was bred — not because the Act said so, but because the Act created new labor power that was abused. Labor itself came to realize the menace of the sit-down strike and largely abandoned it. Then came the even more insidious slow-down strike. Meanwhile, there were scores of outlaw-strikes in violation of collective-bargaining contracts. Intelligent labor leadership quickly recognized the danger to their own cause in this persistent breach of faith and sought, with substantial success, to eliminate it. In other words, there is much to the plea for patience in permitting this new labor power to find its own stabilizing level. It would be singularly inept to attack the Wagner Act as a whole; and this will not be done.

But it is equally blind for organized labor, as a matter of intelligent self-interest, to deny the amendatory needs which no further experience is required to demon-

strate. The purpose of any Labor Act worthy of the name is to stabilize profitable employment for the largest number of workers. Profitable production must precede profitable employment. There can be no profitable production if it is at the mercy of needless interruptions. The right to strike is labor's supreme right; its most vital and most precious right. But needless strikes are costlier to labor than to anyone else — and under legalized collective bargaining it should be possible to reduce these interruptions to a minimum. Collective bargaining contracts should be policed by the same power under the authority of which they are originally written: the government. The appeal of either the employer or union should be to an impartial tribunal for judicial determination, and not to a National Labor Relations Board which is prosecutor, judge, and jury. The Board's functions should be divided. The prosecution of charges of violations of the Wagner Act, or contracts written under it, is one function. The judicial determination of the cause is another and separate function. Employers, under proper restraints to prevent manipulation, should have just as much right to ask for collective bargaining elections as their or-

ganized employees. Duress, coercion, and force should be equally unlawful when used by *anybody* under *any* circumstances. And because the unions themselves, as well as industry and the country at large, are at the mercy of the infiltration of subversive forces seeking the complete destruction of the American System, aliens should not be permitted to serve as officers, agents or representatives of labor — or of capital, for that matter — under the Wagner Act.

The basic trouble is that the Wagner Act was contrived and intended *exclusively* as a Bill of Rights for labor (and a too-long-delayed Bill of Rights); but in practice, it has come to be the controlling code in our whole industrial relationship. It must be broadened and improved to fit these larger ends, but not at the expense of labor's complete right to organize, to bargain collectively, to choose its own agents for this purpose, and to be fully protected in the whole process. That is what I should expect would happen to this feature of the New Deal, and I should expect mass labor to be vastly the gainer.

The New Deal has presented perhaps its most ambitious program in the name of Social Security. Indeed, it is so ambitious —

touching, as it does in one way or another, perhaps 60,000,000 of our citizens — that it would be the miracle of all time if its initial formula were remotely perfect. It wasn't; it isn't; and it won't be for many years to come. The last Congress corrected one of its most glaring faults when it wiped out the so-called "full reserve" (planned ultimately to reach the astronomical figure of \$47,000,000,000) for old-age pensions. It also corrected a few of the more flagrant inequities as between beneficiaries. But many more remain — such as the prospect that a non-contributor may draw more in "old age assistance" than a contributor draws in "old age pensions." But the Social Security Act in some form is here to stay, whatever the political outcome of the superlatively critical year 1940. However, since it is, among other things, a tax bill — reaching into the weekly pay envelope of almost every worker in the land — it will always be under closer scrutiny and heavier fire than any other statute which the New Deal will have left behind to make or mar our history.

It has many features. It involves many benefits. Sometimes it makes outright gifts. Sometimes it makes partial grants. Sometimes it merely administers the revenues collected

from others. It is the most prodigal omnibus that ever rolled down the highway of American experience. As regards unemployment insurance, it will probably persist in something like its present form.

As regards old-age pensions, the day will come when all the complicated and irritating perplexities will be swept aside for a general old-age pension as a matter of right. Such is the demand of our "senior citizens" and such is the undisguisable need produced by a machine age which draws the deadline of employment under fifty years of age. If the size of the general pension is limited to the total resources now used in our various units of government to administer existing methods of old-age aid, we should all be better off.

But returning to my general theme: if the Republicans win in 1940 there will still be a Social Security Law. That is an axiom. It probably will evolve into a far more practical Social Security Law because Republicans notoriously are more practical and more efficient administrators. And that is an axiom too. Someone has said that the ideal political rotation in this country would be this: one Democratic administration to think up new, socially progressive ideas, and then one Republican Adminis-

tration to make them work. There is a measure of truth in the jest. Certainly the need for making the innovations work is now ominously upon us.

IV

I am nowhere near the end of all the visions — good and bad — and all the adventures, concoctions, and alphabetical contraptions perpetrated since the Revolution started back in 1933. My bill of particulars, answering THE MERCURY'S question, will have to conclude with a lick and a promise here and there. . . . The FDIC would continue to insure the bank deposits of the people — the greatest single achievement of the last eight years. We got it in spite of Mr. Roosevelt and his then Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Woodin, who were bitterly opposed to it and who said, according to Senator Glass, they "would not stand for it." We got it in spite of Mr. Roosevelt who asked the Senate-House conferees on the Banking Act of 1933 to eliminate the so-called Vandenberg Amendment under which immediate bank-deposit insurance was inaugurated on January 1, 1934. We got it in spite of one President and should keep it whether the next likes it or not.

The Security Exchange Commission will continue under the next Republican Administration because the days of racketeering piracy in the financial market place are over forever. But a practical survey of its restrictive rules and regulations, if any, would remove whatever obstacles needlessly discourage, impair, or burden the free flow of investment capital into those new enterprises which our faltering economy so badly needs. . . . Encouragement to export trade would continue in the Hull aspiration, but not in the Hull technique. If trade treaties are to be made, they would be submitted to the Senate for ratification, pursuant to the Constitution's requirement in respect to Treaties. We would not let State Department bureaucrats, who never face the electorate, enjoy the unchecked privilege of writing our tariff laws. But that doesn't mean a return to the old, log-rolling Congressional control of tariffs. It probably means larger emphasis upon the "elastic tariff" under which the United States Tariff Commission fits our duties scientifically to the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. It would probably mean trade bargains on a barter basis which would

guarantee us our money's worth. . . . The RFC (which originated under the last Republican Administration) would keep going, and I should hope under as good a man as Jesse Jones (who was first brought to it under the last Republican Administration). But it would not be used as a cover for what actually is a side-door expansion of the national debt. . . . National defense would maintain its needed tempo — for *national defense* only. . . .

Perhaps, in conclusion, I could utter at least a partial generality by saying that I should hope the chief feature of the New Deal which would be preserved "if there is a Republican victory in 1940" (although I see no reason for the initial, conjunctive expression of doubt) would be a really justified continuation of popular belief that the Administration wants to help the average citizen to a better lot in life, plus a capacity actually to deliver the goods. Then I would add another generality: I should hope the chief feature of the New Deal which would be abandoned would be its restless and unquenchable propensity to try a new experiment on us guinea pigs every twenty minutes. We need a chance to convalesce!

► *The author was First Lord of the Admiralty under Mr. Chamberlain until the Munich Pact.*

CHAMBERLAIN: A CANDID PORTRAIT

BY ALFRED DUFF COOPER

FOR two-and-a-half years, Neville Chamberlain has been Prime Minister of Great Britain. During this period Great Britain has suffered a series of diplomatic defeats and humiliations, culminating in the outbreak of European war. It is an unbroken record of failure in foreign policy, and there has been no outstanding success at home to offset the lack of it abroad. Never has a Prime Minister had to come before the House of Commons so often to admit his astonishment, disappointment, or frustration. Yet it is probable that Neville Chamberlain still retains the confidence of the majority of his fellow-countrymen and that, if it were possible to obtain an accurate test of the feelings of the electorate, Chamberlain would be found the most popular statesman in the land. These facts are remarkable, and require explanation. . . .

Neville Chamberlain came late into politics. He was over 40 when he first stood for the House of Commons. He had been in business in a small way, achieving little suc-

cess. But he had played a considerable part in the life of Birmingham, his home town, of which he had been Mayor. In this capacity he had shown himself a fearless reformer, and he had set up a municipal bank, despite the charge of Socialism that was brought against him by his fellow-Conservatives.

When he entered the larger arena of the House of Commons, the Chamberlain name alone was a guarantee that he would be regarded with attention, and that much would be expected of him. His father, who like himself had entered politics comparatively late in life, had made a deep impression at the end of the last century. He was one of the first British statesmen enthusiastically to embrace the ideal of Empire, and he died in the effort to persuade Great Britain to introduce a reform of the tariff, partly with a view to giving preference to the Dominions and Colonies. In later life Joseph Chamberlain was so prominently associated with the Conservative cause that many people forget he began

his political life as an advanced radical, was even known to speak disrespectfully of the Crown, and that Queen Victoria once wrote that he was one of the two members of the House of Commons whom she would never accept as a Minister.

It is important to remember these facts in order to form a clear picture of the atmosphere in which the present Prime Minister was born and educated. It was not the home of a late Victorian Tory, from which all new ideas were banished and which blindly accepted the prevalent opinions of the day. Nor was it the home of the smug, self-satisfied Liberal, confident there was no other economic god than Adam Smith, whose prophet was John Stuart Mill, and who thought human wisdom ended with Mr. Gladstone.

The Chamberlain household, on the contrary, was bound by no narrow allegiance to any cause. In religion they were Unitarian, a sect that was regarded with some alarm by the orthodox of the nineteenth century. New ideas were considered there upon their own merits, whether sponsored by the Conservative or by the Liberal Party. It is worthy of record, for it may have had some subsequent effect on the characters of the boys of the

family, that, although Joseph Chamberlain sent them to the usual preparatory and public schools, he insisted that they should never under any circumstances be subjected to corporal punishment.

Not until the Liberal Party became committed to Home Rule for Ireland did Joseph Chamberlain desert it and become the most prominent member of the group that styled themselves Liberal Unionists and whose identity was soon lost in the body of the Conservative Party. Yet the Chamberlain family clung to their liberal tradition and to the day of his death Austen Chamberlain resented the appellation "Conservative" and continued to employ the word "Unionist," even after he himself had assisted in smashing the union between Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. Chamberlain, therefore — now in his seventy-first year — is representative of that type of mind which was considered advanced and enlightened towards the close of the last century. Some of those who have found difficulty in understanding his foreign policy have attributed it to a latent sympathy with fascism and a lively fear of communism. Nothing could be further from the truth. He neither

loves the one nor fears the other. Like most Englishmen he is not much interested in either theory, and he abhors the excesses and crimes of both.

II

The true explanation of his policy is far simpler than those who love to discover recondite motives would suppose. It is, indeed, the logical outcome of his training and experience. This training, as has been said, was liberal in a period of peace, when to the liberal mind war between civilized nations was becoming increasingly unthinkable. He was a young man at the time of the South African war, which was so closely associated with his father's colonial policy; he was not an old man at the beginning of the last war, yet he has never worn uniform and all military and naval matters are to him extremely distasteful. All wars to him were hateful, but the war of 1939 was the most hateful of all because he had believed that it would never take place and because he had been determined to prevent it. When it broke out, his belief was proved erroneous and his efforts futile. We cannot wonder that he struggled against it to the last.

When he assumed the Premier-

ship in 1937, Chamberlain realized far more clearly than his predecessor had done the ominous trend of European events. He determined that he would put an end to the gradual deterioration of the situation. He said to himself that Hitler and Mussolini were two men who had done a great deal for their respective countries, and who could not possibly desire war — which must nullify all that they had accomplished, and must replace their increased strength and prosperity by misery, general suffering, and destruction.

Chamberlain had never met anybody in Birmingham who in the least resembled Adolf Hitler. He had always found that the people he had met, whether in business or in local government, were not very dissimilar from himself — they were reasonable and honest and it had always proved possible, with a certain amount of give and take, to make a deal with them that should prove satisfactory to both sides.

These dictators, so it seemed to him, must also be reasonable men. They wanted certain concessions; and there were certain concessions which Great Britain could afford to make. Therefore, the sooner he could get to grips with them the better. The motive was not dishonorable, the method was not un-

reasonable. His mistake was only that of the little boy who played with a wolf under the impression that it was a sheep — a pardonable zoological error, but apt to prove fatal to the player who makes it.

When Neville Chamberlain returned from Berchtesgaden — his first visit to the wolf's lair — he had caught a glimpse of the fangs which seemed strangely incongruous with the sheep's clothing. But when his belief in Hitler began to falter it was strengthened by belief in himself. When it was pointed out to him that the Führer had never yet kept a promise, Chamberlain, while obliged to admit the fact, felt that those promises made in public declarations and political speeches differed from this promise that had been made personally to him, from one gentleman to another. Nobody in Birmingham had ever broken his promise to the Mayor; surely nobody in Europe would break his promise to the Prime Minister of England. He had felt the same way about Mussolini and had undertaken to eat his hat if Mussolini should not prove as good as his word. (This is perhaps the only obligation that he has ever failed to fulfil.) A man who is both so confident of himself and so confiding in others has as little chance in a Europe dominated by Stalin and

Hitler as Little Lord Fauntleroy would have of concluding a satisfactory deal with Al Capone.

Let it not be thought that there is any suggestion that Stalin or Hitler is cleverer than Chamberlain. The contrary is the case. He is a better educated, a cleverer and a wiser man. Had his views prevailed there would be now no war, and both he and they and the whole world would be happier. It is not cleverness, but conduct, that counts in these affairs. In the short run bad conduct gets the best of it, even though it gets the worst of it in the long run. The ignorant pick-pocket will get away with the learned clergyman's pocketbook every time and, although the pick-pocket may end in jail and the clergyman become a bishop, great inconvenience is caused in the interim. Those who go down into the thieves' kitchen must keep their wits about them and hold on to their watch chains. Mr. Chamberlain descended into the thieves' kitchen as though he were walking into the Carlton Club.

A man does not easily alter his fundamental conceptions of human nature as he approaches his seventieth year, and Neville Chamberlain is more than usually tenacious of his views and unreceptive to the views of others. He has great pa-

tience and will listen without interruption to the lengthiest exposition of opinions with which he does not agree — but they never have the slightest effect upon his own judgment. Somebody best qualified to know remarked recently, “The Prime Minister makes up his mind with extraordinary rapidity, and having once made it up never alters it.” This sincere tribute from a devoted admirer may cause qualms rather than confidence in the minds of the more skeptical.

Neville Chamberlain has never possessed the parliamentary gifts that were his father’s and his brother’s. While he is a complete master of the clear and logical exposition of a case, he has no charm of manner or command of rhetoric. The unexpected epithet, the telling metaphor, the burst of eloquence — all those qualities that render the speeches of Winston Churchill an unending source of delight — are utterly foreign to the oratory and the character of Chamberlain. His manner is dry; his speeches cold; his prose colorless. He is incapable of appealing to the feelings or stirring the imagination. In private life he can exercise great charm, when a sudden smile lights up his gloomy, careworn countenance. But neither on the platform nor in Parliament are such gifts ap-

parent, and in the House of Commons a growing testiness in the face of opposition has become apparent.

Why then, it may be asked, in view of such a record of failure and such a lack of compelling eloquence, does Neville Chamberlain still retain so strong a hold upon the hearts of his fellow countrymen? The truest explanation may be that they see in him a reflection of themselves and that therefore they feel that he is one they can understand and can trust.

The English respect ability, but they distrust brilliance. For them the very word “genius” carries with it something derogatory. It connotes unconventional clothes and doubtful morals. They enjoy its manifestations, but they seldom give it their confidence. Now there is nothing brilliant and no suspicion of genius about Neville Chamberlain. The ordinary Englishman sees in him an ordinary Englishman like himself: one who has been in business in a small way and has made a little — but not much — money; one who has been happily married and brought up a family of which the world knows little; one who wears the same business-suit every day, the black coat and vest, the striped trousers, the laced boots, and carries the same umbrella whether he is walking on a cloud-

less morning in the Park with Mrs. Chamberlain (which he does every day at the same hour) or whether he is flying across Europe to meet a dictator and settle the affairs of nations. Like the ordinary Englishman he seldom travels abroad, preferring to spend his leisure with a rod on an English or a Scottish river. Like so many of his fellow-countrymen he is not very witty or very artistic but is quietly fond of music and knows a great deal about the habits of birds. Above all, however, the ordinary Englishman feels that he and Chamberlain both desired peace before all else, and it is the fault of neither of them that they didn't get it.

III

Determined as he was to preserve peace, and overconfident, as he proved, in his own ability to do so, Chamberlain has been sadly remiss in making adequate preparations for war. As Chancellor of the Exchequer and the dominant figure in Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet he never ceased to apply the brake to expenditure on armaments. It is, of course, the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to protect the finances of the country — a duty performed for so long and with

such zeal by the present Prime Minister that, even when he had vacated his former office for the higher one, he still retained deep sympathy for the point of view of the Treasury and is reported to have listened to advice from that department, even on foreign affairs, more readily than to that which was tendered to him from the Foreign Office.

Reluctance to alter his opinion and confidence that his own view must be correct were responsible for the long delays in rearmament that followed the capitulation of Munich. Had he not said when he returned from Munich that he brought back not only peace with honor but also peace for our time? And had not the cheers of the populace and the votes of the House of Commons and the applause of the Press confirmed by overwhelming majorities his own convictions? It was true that there were a few dissenting voices and that Winston Churchill said that, so far from the settlement representing peace with honor, there was little honor about it and that it would certainly lead to war. But Chamberlain had never liked nor believed in Churchill, and in the debate on the Munich settlement he went out of his way to sneer at Churchill's lack of judgment. Churchill was right and he

was wrong and when the war came Churchill was the first man to whom Chamberlain appealed to assist him in fighting it.

But a year ago he preferred to put his trust in Adolf Hitler and to denounce as alarmists those who thought differently. And so he resisted the demand which came from his own colleagues in the Cabinet for the setting up of a Ministry of Supply and the introduction of conscription. And he continued to resist it not only until, but after, the rape of Prague had proved the duplicity of Hitler. The further impetus of Italy's attack upon Albania was required in order to shake his determination. The decision to introduce conscription, therefore, was not taken until the end of April, and those who defend Munich on the ground that it gave Great Britain another year in which to complete her war preparations should reduce that period by more than a half if they wish to estimate accurately the amount of time that was actually spent on all-out preparations for war. For that long delay the Prime Minister is

solely responsible. In Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet Chamberlain had been as powerful, if not more powerful, than his chief. In his own Cabinet, after he had got rid of one or two tiresome members, his was the only will that ever prevailed. He is an excellent Chairman of Committee and allows the freest expression of opinion, but once he has given his own there is no more to be said.

Strong of will, firm of purpose, unyielding in controversy, it may well be that — now all he believed in has been proved false, all his efforts have proved futile, and his policy is discarded and discredited — he will under the stress of events become as successful a Minister in war as he has proved a disastrous Minister in peace. He has said that he is determined to destroy Hitlerism in Europe. He has not only the public motive of the common good but also the private rancor of the man deceived to strengthen him. Firmness is a quality Chamberlain has never lacked and the world may rest assured that, having taken up this task, he will not willingly lay it down until it is accomplished.



1930-1940, DECADE OF DECEIT

BY UPTON CLOSE

GOODBYE to the Dirty Thirties! They began in worldwide depression; they end in war. Between came tiger-pounces on the weak, sophisticated slaughter, and the game, played by statesmen and deluded idealists, of calling things the opposite. The decade saw the climax of political rackets masquerading as ideologies, preaching one aim and practising another. In the 1930s the strong were not heroic, the victors never generous; liberals swallowed totalitarian nostrums, and compassion for the persecuted rarely passed beyond words. It was a decade of gigantic, crude swindle, cynical, brutal, disillusioning. History will deplore the decade and mankind will be ashamed of it.

Admittedly, history is not made on the decimal system, yet the decades of our Christian Era seem to evolve individual characters. There were the Gay Nineties, followed by the ten years which we thought would usher in a millennium. Then the Tragic Teens, followed by the Tawdry Twenties. As for the Thirties, the quality that denotes them,

which gave them a sort of unity, was *hypocrisy*. Its most brutal, yet characteristic, expression was the pretense that war was not war. The formal declaration of war, a survival of gallantry and candor among nations, was dropped. Military campaigns were camouflaged as incidents, as reprisals, establishment of law and order, even non-intervention.

Soviet Russia provided the prelude. Its summer campaign in Manchuria in 1929, the first undeclared war, was explained to foreigners as "high water along the Amur." Japan, which had learned the value of attacking without notice — in 1894 against China and in 1904 against Russia — keynoted the decade with undeclared wars in Manchuria and Shanghai in 1931-32. Europe, having taught Japan its modern militarism, picked up a trick in return. Il Duce attacked Ethiopia; Germany, Italy, and Russia fought in Spain; Hitler marched into Austria and Czechoslovakia; Italy overran Albania; finally the German army blitz-

krieged Poland and Russia invaded it from the other side; finally Russia assaulted Finland — all without declaration. Japan, successful in her first grab, fought a continent-scale war of conquest in China, claiming the rights of a belligerent in a war legally non-existent.

The very nations which condemned these aggressors joined in the game of hypocrisy. League of Nations delegates avoided responsibility and made travesty of their Covenant by accepting the make-believe that there was no war — though countries were being seized, member-governments overthrown, and millions slain. Britain and France maintained there was no intervention in Spain because the nations intervening had signed not to. The State Department and President of the United States, lacking freedom to deal with nations on their merits, maintained a similar hypocritical fiction in the case of Japan *vs.* China, hoping vainly that the advantage would be with the victim. The League reached its height — or depth — of hypocritical absurdity when it voted member nations the liberty to apply sanctions individually! The League even gave up reform of the calendar for fear of provoking strife! Ironically splendid, and pathetic, was the presentation to

the League, in 1932, of a pair of dice by the International Association of Journalists.

The international sport of the Thirties was making treaties nobody would honor and pacts with joker clauses rendering them farcical. The decade opened with further adherences in Washington to the prize-winner of all such treaties, the Kellogg-Briand Pact for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy. It was signed by half-a-dozen nations feverishly preparing to take what they wanted by force. Arbitration treaties followed between nations preparing to go to war; and non-aggression pacts between Russia and countries she would browbeat or invade. France reassured Czechoslovakia, signing mutual assistance pacts with Russia and Czechoslovakia in 1935. In 1938, after ratifying a Franco-German "Kellogg Pact," the French parliament voted to back Hitler's demand for the Sudetenland. Commissar Litvinoff denounced this "mutilation of a sovereign state" and called it "granting a bonus for saber-rattling." A year later Russia mutilated a sovereign state and demanded bonuses for saber-rattling. Hitler alternately sang: "I ask no more" and "Gimme or I'll take!" Chamberlain said to Parliament:

"Germany must occupy the predominating position in relation to the states of Central and South-eastern Europe." He had spoken of agreements "symbolic of the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again." Hitler took Chamberlain literally and proceeded to "predominate" in the designated states.

So the decade ends with England and Germany at war! Tops in "joker" treaties in world history were the naval-limitation pacts of the Thirties. The London Convention of 1927 saw the invention of the "escape" clause. It was incorporated in the limitation treaty of London (1930) and all its signers presently proceeded to escape.

In short, systematic international dissimulation took place. The *reductio ad absurdum* was reached. Diplomatic jokes and jokers are stale. Increasingly clumsy become the complaints of big powers that they are menaced by little neighbors, more and more crude their bluffs and subterfuges. Witness German feints at Holland, Belgium, and Rumania, Russian assaults on Finland, Japan's repeatedly postponed "unified China" under the temperamental traitor, Wang Ching-wei. . . . We enter the Forties with all nations tensed to spring, prepared to resist to the full extent

of their power, relying upon other nations only to the extent that their interests are common. No illusions remain, no Kellogg Pacts or Leagues to screen hypocrisy. Under such conditions there is no longer any advantage in calling conquest by sweeter names, or making wars without declaration. *That game is played out, thank God!*

II

We follow the same threads of deceit and hypocrisy in other fields. The Thirties have been the age of numerous fake so-many-year plans. Soviet Russia's five-year plan provided the model. Despite physical achievements, it remains one of the most deceitful schemes on record. Its human costs were concealed, its accomplishments exaggerated, its tragedies decked out in cheerful slogans. The "success" of the plan added up to one of the ghastly failures of history. China also got a five-year plan, and Nazi Germany a four; then Japan, Mexico, Turkey. Such grabs for perfection in a dated package were typical of the deluded and deluding 1930s. So were the false alignments and hook-ups: from the "popular fronts" to the *Social Justice*-Nazi Bund friendship and the

various international "axes." False-front organizations flourished as never before and that quintessential figure of a hypocritical period, the "fellow-traveler," came into his own.

Nations labored mightily to cheat one another financially as well as politically. By quotas, blocked currencies, barter, repudiation and defalcation, each government tried to succeed at the expense of others. The British Empire Economic Conferences and the Ottawa Agreement were efforts of Britain to get the better of the rest of the world, complicated by attempts of mother country and dominions to get the better of each other. There was the ill-will that caused Britain and France to throw stocks on the market and withdraw funds from the United States at the crucial moment of the developing depression, climaxed by the mistrust that wrecked the World Economic Conference in London in June 1933, making that depression worldwide and profound.

In the United States, as elsewhere, groups plotted to better themselves without consideration for others or the nation as a whole. They were encouraged by an aggregation of incongruous theories called the New Deal, which put the nation \$40,000,000 into debt and

in some departments degenerated into a money-oiled machine for keeping politicians in power. Chiseling public funds, once the prerogative of politicians, became the aim of millions. The formula that citizens must not starve in a land of plenty became for many a means of living off the government rather than by the sweat of the brow.

The Thirties were the decade of mushroom growth, betrayed opportunity and anticlimax for labor the world over. As the decade opened, the first Labor Party government of any great nation, that of Ramsay MacDonald in England, was putting its eggs in the Tory basket. German labor placed itself in bondage to Hitler. Russian labor, always enslaved, helped Stalin enslave his peasants as well. Austrian labor was destroyed with the big cannon of little Dollfuss — but the same cannon boomed the death knell of his country. French labor developed the sit-down strike, chased the siren communism awhile, then with French conjugality plumped back into the familiar bed of nationalism. Japanese labor, gaga before the vision of imperial conquest, gave up its hard-won advances to toil twelve hours a day in munitions factories or die in the mud of China.

In the United States, unionism for the first time had the complete

backing of the administration and the general sympathy of the public. The government took care of unemployed union members, enabling labor to use its funds for further organization. Organized labor was growing with unprecedented rapidity when it split into two warring camps, deterring recovery, increasing the Relief load, and pyramiding the strike toll of idle man-days from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 a month. Its strong-arm seizures of property outraged many of labor's friends; its jurisdictional fights, which needlessly deprived workers of a livelihood, outraged the rest of the general public. Leaders thought more of their prestige than their cause, and in the tussle for power the original reasons for the split were forgotten. Organizers thought more of creating a temporary sensation than of creating a disciplined labor movement. At the other end, the Thirties revealed the cruel and short-visioned methods of some big employers, their know-nothing contempt for social changes proper to the age.

In domestic affairs the Thirties were a decade of political charlatanism marked by speciousness and disregard for intellectual integrity. They produced a Radio Priest who first canonized FDR, then damned him. They saw the rise of ruthless

communist, Nazi, and fascist "mobs" which used their members and fellow-travelers for nefarious purposes and "took them for a ride" if they weakened. Never were more intellectual crimes committed in the name of "ideals." Demagoguery and political trickery have always existed, but in few decades have they been so crude, so much on the surface. It was the decade that produced Upton Sinclair's *EPIC*, Dr. Townsend, ham-and-eggs Utopias; the decade in which an unpleasant man with a criminal record made a fortune out of hate and his gullible *Knights of the White Camellia*; in which the propagandas of Bunds, Silver Shirts, a hundred other denominations of race and group hatreds rolled over our land.

The 1930s were years in which there was no sense of proportion either on the part of idealistic reformers or humanity-despising aggressors. The formless New Deal had to be battered into proportion by Supreme Court decisions and unrelenting economic fundamentals. War-makers recognized no limits in bombings of cities, savagery to opponents, discourtesy to statesmen, treatment of the helpless. The old distinction between civilians and combatants was cast aside. Entire races were subjected to

organized persecutions. Machiavelli would have called the Nazi pillage of the Jews "more than a crime — a mistake"; it showed an utter lack of proportion even in depravity, and Germany will pay for generations by the repugnance of the rest of the world.

III

If the Thirties were internationally the decade of the gunman, kidnapper, and crook, they were no less so domestically. The Lindbergh kidnapping was the topline in crime, but the roll of headline gangsters and their molls would fill pages. It was the decade of Dillinger, Baby-Face Nelson, Detroit's Purple Gang. On another level it was the period that saw the climax of the careers of Insull, Kruger, Stavisky, Whitney, Coster-Musica. It should be said that crime and scandal also bred their antidotes: more stringent laws, high efficiency for the FBI, a successful fight on racketeering in New York.

Even charitable impulses were manipulated hypocritically in the Dirty Thirties. The horrifying man-made famine in Russia in 1932-33 was concealed by self-righteous "friends of Russia" to save face for Stalin's autocracy. Not until years after the facts did

men like Maurice Hindus and Vincent Sheean come around to chronicling millions of deaths in that famine. Sentiments of democracy and humanity were exploited to conceal a Cheka terror in Spain. Britain's duplicity in regard to a Jewish homeland was revealed as the need for that homeland became desperate. Nations generally deplored the persecutions and condemned the persecutors, but their proffered havens were only jungle swamps or Arctic wastes. They shed tears of sympathy and indignation but kept the sufferers out: Flying Dutchmen of the seas limned with ghostly light the hypocrisy of the fourth decade's bogus compassion.

The personalities cast up by such an age are in keeping with its spirit. The three most prominent are a hysterical half-man, Adolf Hitler, the gorilla-like Joseph Stalin, and the blundering, wishful-thinking Neville Chamberlain. Hitler and Stalin, different as they are in expression, have the same motivating attitude: utter cynicism toward man and principle. Alike they glory in their mastery of the art of duping their followers; alike they make these followers human sacrifices to the god of power; alike they bludgeon and trample the helpless. Stalin in his purge trials tortured

the faithful until they clawed out their own souls; he betrayed devotees abroad or made them weathercocks to his variable winds; he beat down the nations with whom he first signed solemn pacts. Hitler put himself in power by burning the Reichstag and laying the crime upon others; he built by hate, murder, and pillage of minorities and maintained supremacy by murder of comrades. Then these two, having attacked each other endlessly, climaxed the decade of bottomless insincerity with a cynical pact of friendship. Chamberlain is the pathetic figure of the decade. He is the personification of the Tory mind which built up the menace he now dismally fights.

Yet the decade had its uses. Its disillusionments were needed to rub the last luster off the heroics of the Tragic Teens, to show the squalid back sides of the false gods of the Tawdry Twenties. The Thirties smeared out the lie that war is fought to save democracy or end war. They blacked out the lavender-colored ink of silly international pacts and dreamy charts of heavens-on-earth. They convinced idealists that the era of peace is not here but must be worked for by facing realities. They put an end to wishful thinking.

A period of undeclared wars and furious rearmament will not soon again be called "peace." The Thirties revealed communism and fascism for what they are, as aspects of the same malady; they took the halo off the New Deal; they showed that labor feeling its oats may be as destructive on the public highways as capital driving its juggernaut. Already our thinking begins to be truer.

One great hypocrisy we did eliminate in the Thirties was Prohibition. Other hypocrisies are being cast off — for example, making things appear what they are not. Short stories had to read like articles, articles like fiction; heating stoves had to look like musical instruments; streamlining became a cover for hiding realities; salesmen and advertisers, as well as politicians, seemed possessed of a dread of presenting their goods in plain guise and plain words; radio became the mouthpiece of buncombe. Our neutrality farce is settling down into adaptation to realities. We spent oceans of ink and stratospheres of lung power building up that farce between 1935 and 1939. The Depression and dust storms taught our nation humility and foresight. Our bankruptcies taught soundness to our business.

The Dirty Thirties — D.T.'s for sure! — were years of hypocrisy and evasion. They were the decade when only the little helpless fellow got pounced on; when the big fellows were unwilling to fight for principle or ideal but only for selfish interests; when a spirit of effeminacy so overwhelmed them that they failed even to defend their own interests. But now they know they cannot sell the world without selling themselves in the bargain. The aggressors, on their

part, have worn themselves out — have got themselves stymied: Japan, Germany, Italy, capital, labor. The "isms," as they are saying in England, have become "was'isms."

We are back to realities. We know where we stand. Goodbye to the Dirty Thirties! May the Forties be better! We can do with a little improvement. The Forties will be better — if only because they could not be worse than the decadent decade of depression and domination behind us.

GO DARK YEAR: 1939

By DAVID ROSS

Go, dark year,
 Man's agony
 And time's disgrace;
 The worm's commissary
 And the maggot's nurse.

Go, prowling year,
 Stalk no more
 Man's bleating breath;
 Go drool your froth and spittle
 On the bloodless wind,
 And lap up death.

Now come, usurious hour,
 Foreclose his stealth,
 Cancel his fangs' advantage,
 His wrath disperse;
 Only the worm, his debtor
 Shall sulk behind the hearse.

THE SANTA CLAUS INDUSTRY

BY DAVID BROWN AND ERNEST LEHMAN

TO EXPOSE the good institution of Santa Claus is to risk being murdered by any one of the hundred or so million Americans to whom Santa is a popular deity. But since money is a more popular American deity, it may not be dangerous to suggest that our rollicking harbinger of Christmastime has gone completely commercial.

Indeed the red-coated, bewiskered old codger accounts for \$500,000,000 a year in business. Moreover, he extracts this fabulous sum from a sentimental American public through the exploitation of a great deal of whimsical pap which has ceased to have any ethical, religious, or moral significance.

The fact is that only one class of person still believes in Santa Claus. Children, now reared scientifically from the nursery up, no longer fall for the reindeer-and-chimney gag. The only ones, these days, who remain faithful to the St. Nicholas myth are a band of hard-headed, practical-minded adults — the merchants and manufacturers who prosper because of it.

Santa is the sales peg for everything from bottled beer to automobiles; he appears in more magazine ads during December than the Petty girl and, it may be said to his credit, creates an upsurge in employment and mass-purchasing power of such proportions that there is probably not a person in America who does not benefit in some way because the institution is kept alive. Nevertheless, efforts are forever being made to divorce Santa from these commercial ramifications. Most such attempts are directed against the use of the erstwhile saint in advertising, but strong lobby pressure by interested groups has kept anyone from cramping Santa's style. Retailers and manufacturers protect him with all their might — for the following unsentimental reasons:

Santa carries in his bag 68 per cent of the total yearly business of American toymakers, and this business, in turn, is one-third of the nation's total Christmas trade. He accounts for 51 per cent of all sales of men's bathrobes; 30 to 35 per

cent of the total annual business in handkerchiefs, leather goods, and negligees; and 34 per cent of all sales of that unsightly hybrid, the Christmas tie. And over \$300,000 a year is spent in the manufacture of Santa Claus whiskers alone.

Vested interests of the Santa Claus industry chafe at the slightest threat to the strength of the institution. In 1938, when display windows were ablaze with Christmas treasures, Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse were frequently more in evidence than Santa Claus. So acute was the situation that the National Association of Professional Santa Clauses, meeting in New York, protested the "unfair competition" of the Walt Disney creations.

II

Proof that Santa has become a symbol of the commercialization of Christmas is the fact that his form and substance are usually encountered only in department stores. Santa's future, then, would appear to lie in the hands of America's retailers, or, more specifically, with his department store prototypes.

Dean of department-store Santas, and most zealous crusader for the profession, is Charles W. Howard of Albion, N. Y., who has spent

a lifetime in the study of Santa Claus. He began a career as a professional Santa by selling his services to a local store, then devoted himself to the profession and became so competent that he could not fill the demands for his work. So he did the next best thing. In 1937, he opened the Santa Claus School, which met with immediate acclaim from leading retailers. Cost of matriculation was \$150. The course covered such subjects as the origin and history of Santa Claus, art of make-up, showmanship, salesmanship, child psychology, and the economics of the toy industry. Fittingly enough, last year his school was located in Santa Claus, Indiana.

Stores all over the country were notified of the availability of a number of super-trained Santas through a brochure, sent out by the school, which flung down the challenging question: "Is Your Santa Claus Delivering 100 Per Cent Value?" Addressed to "the store that cares," it bore the following sales talk:

There are many angles to the work of Santa Claus and many things that Santa Claus should know. Does your Santa Claus know the right answers to all the questions asked? Can he advise parents about the proper toy for each child? Does he know how various toys are made so that he speaks with authority? Is he a salesman, a showman, a

student of children? Does he know how to appear properly in this important role? Does he know how to plant a seed of thought for the finer things of life in the mind of the child that comes to him? Does he create a preference in the minds of children and parents so that they will bring their children to your store in years to come?

Santa Claus means more than red pants. We know your store expects more, and you know the public expects more.

This matter of weeding out inferior men and elevating the standards of the Santa Claus profession was emphasized by President Lein at the last meeting of the National Association of Professional Santa Clauses. "I refer particularly to the Santa Clauses who revert to 'dese, dem and dose' to put across their ideas to children," commented Lein. "I believe that we should make this profession a tried and strict one, not allowing just anyone to come into it unless duly qualified by manner of speech, character and general appearance."

The campaign has had its results. Hitherto, most department store Santas were down-and-out actors or summer amusement men. They earned between \$15 and \$50 a week. Today, the requirements are more rigid. Howard's graduates are assured \$75 a week and a different type is being attracted to the profession — many young married men between the ages of

25 and 35, for example. A survey of New York store Santas revealed former newspaper reporters, schoolteachers, accountants, and skilled artisans.

III

Santa Claus, Indiana, has been the focal point for the most thorough exploitation that the Santa Claus legend has ever known. Since the fateful day in 1928 when its name was changed to Santa Claus this little town has been the object of more bickering and litigation than any hamlet its size in the country. A force of eight people is required through November and December to handle the 60,000 pieces of mail a day which are sent to the post-office to be remailed bearing the magic postmark: "Santa Claus, Indiana."

There has always been friction between the town's sponsors and the post-office department. In 1931, Postmaster General Brown, when informed that a large corporation was sending 1,000,000 pieces for remailing, ordered extra clerks to be sent to Santa Claus from Louisville. Then the corporation changed its mind. Mr. Brown was so incensed that he threatened to change the town's name.

The promotional possibilities of the place were soon perceived. In 1932 two Chicago promoters, working against each other, attempted to buy up most of the land in the town. One of them presented a 40-ton granite statue of Santa to the town, but their plans for wholesale exploitation of Santa Claus aroused the ire of the Indiana State Corporation Counsel, who denounced them, saying:

Employing the name of Santa Claus corporately usurps the common property of mankind. This office has taken the position that Santa Claus is either a geographical name, a postoffice address, or it is the name of a mythical being. It is such a name in strict justice or law that cannot become the subject of exclusive proprietorship.

This ruling, however, did not faze a Dearborn, Michigan, automobile worker named Jack Cannon, who in 1934 had his name changed legally to Santa Claus and moved to the town of the same name. His purpose was to claim the thousands of children's letters addressed to Santa which now reached this little postoffice rather than the Dead Letter Office. He intended to cash in on Santa by supplying stores with lists of trusting letter writers and their requests. But a court decree ended his plans.

The only known institution whose aim is the supplying of funds for Christmas purchases is the system of regular savings known as the Christmas Club. This corporation, founded in 1911 by Herbert Rawll, paid over \$50,000 for patent and copyrights on name and system. In 1938, the last year supplying complete figures, it distributed over \$330,000,000 to 7,000,000 persons, 32 per cent of which money was earmarked for merchants' coffers. Altogether, Christmas Clubs may be credited with furnishing 20 per cent of the total money spent by the nation for Christmas gifts — an enormous percentage.

All this money talk undoubtedly will be repugnant to those who find Santa's commercial importance distasteful. That he is sponsor of a great industry of seasonal gift-giving should surprise no student of medieval history. He comes by his commercialism honestly. Earliest records show that St. Nicholas' father was a wealthy merchant of Lycia, Asia Minor, in the Fourth century, A.D. If the old boy were alive today he would probably get a big kick out of the commotion his offspring causes in the nation's business marts.

► *Close-up of a Democratic Presidential candidate whose neighbors called him*

GREAT GOD McNUTT

BY HERBERT COREY

IT is at home that Paul Vories McNutt has amassed the largest body of two-fisted, red-bandannaed, knife-in-teeth followers. It is also at home that he has attracted the largest array of fears, hates, and misgivings. In Indiana, where he is most intimately known, the label "Hoosier Hitler" was slapped on him by detractors; there he scared labor by swinging the National Guard into strike situations, and there he irritated most keenly the midwestern prejudice against "strong" men in high places. Those Indianans who follow McNutt do so less from affection than from the belief that he is going somewhere. Those in opposition give him credit for no virtue whatever. But they are deathly afraid of him.

It amounts to this: McNutt's followers claim that President Roosevelt has blessed McNutt's candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination. They produce good evidence in support of this, but no proof. If it is so, then it will be McNutt against the field at the 1940 convention. If it is not

a fact, the indications are that P. V. McNutt will sustain one of the most comprehensive political butcheries on record. McNutt's strength lies in his ability to play the most practical kind of politics. His weakness appears to be that he is being followed not for love, but for the drippings. Franklin Roosevelt, Al Smith, Champ Clark, William Jennings Bryan, Oscar Underwood — to name a few — were supported by men who loved them well enough to fight for them. McNutt's friends are nobly superior to mere sentiment. They are for him because they think he will win.

Make no mistake about it — Paul McNutt is to be reckoned with. As chief of the Federal Security Agency he is the boss of 21,000 employees and an annual budget of about \$800,000,000. The FSA includes the Social Security Administration, National Youth Administration, Civilian Conservation Corps, Public Health, and the Office of Education. Each of the five agencies is — to be mealy-mouthed — in a position to get

results politically. Each can get results if McNutt turns on the power.

McNutt demonstrated in Indiana that he is not squeamish about using power. The FSA came into existence through the Reorganization Act, which was to bring about efficiency and increase economy. The administrative personnel of the five amalgamated agencies has been increased notably under McNutt's rule. About 46,500,000 persons are on the rolls. It affects the domestic economy of more than three-fourths of the families of the United States. McNutt brought Fowler Harper, dean of law in Indiana University, to Washington to be the FSA's general counsel. Harper indicates that no economies are to be anticipated. Arthur J. Altmeyer had been the head of the three-man board of Social Security. McNutt is shaking insecurity at Altmeyer. He is "not yet certain" that SS should be managed by a three-man board. Perhaps one administrator would give more efficient direction.

Which hint is certainly direct enough to be understood by people engaged in playing politics. In Indiana people say McNutt has the ethical equipment of a side-winder. But he has a record for getting things done — though what

things is matter for dispute. He has been the recipient of extraordinary favors from the Administration. Lesser New Dealers do not all like him, but not one who counts dares say a word against him. Now that McNutt has government-paid ghost writers at his command, his original equipment of two speeches has been added to. He is the handsomest man in public life since Harding — sun-lamp tanned, silver-gray hair, brilliantly white false teeth, and he remembers names and faces. He probably has sensibilities, but never worries about them. He is ruthless and hardboiled. And he is determined to be President.

"Of course," said President Roosevelt when he announced McNutt's appointment as head of the new FSA amalgam, "Mr. McNutt will take no part in politics."

"Hell," said McNutt to a newspaper friend, "of course I'm a candidate."

President Roosevelt invited him to sit in at Cabinet meetings, along with Loan Administrator Jesse Jones and Works Administrator John M. Carmody, for the duration of the "present emergency." That may have been merely a compliment, but it was taken by his followers as a tacit endorsement

of the McNutt candidacy. Frank McHale took the road at once. McHale is an ex-athlete of Ann Arbor, who plays opposite "Bo" Elder, onetime weight thrower and discus shooter at the University of Pennsylvania. Each weighs about 300 pounds and when they come into a room they fill it. They are full of college glees and Old Soldier wheezes, but they know how things are done in politics. McNutt, McHale, and Elder invented the Two-Per-Cent-Club in Indiana, which was so rough that it is almost funny. "The Two-Per-Cent-Club is not paying the costs of McNutt's campaign for the nomination," his followers say nowadays. "We have organized a Paul-for-President club for that."

McHale opened negotiations for the New York vote at the 1940 convention and thereby reopened one of the most open wounds in present political history. Jim Farley is on good terms with most of the Democratic politicians who refused to vote for Roosevelt's nomination in 1932, but he will have nothing to do with McNutt. He says McNutt promised his vote and then doubled-crossed him. McNutt is explanatory and plaintive. McHale has abandoned hope of the New York vote. He is letting the East more or less alone, so far

as open operations are concerned, and the South does not seem to be fruitful soil at present. So he is rampaging through the West and Northwest. His theme song is "get on the bandwagon and we'll all take a ride." McNutt is doing a series of personal appearances through the same territory, when he is not attending Cabinet meetings at Washington or making inspirational speeches. The machine is in high gear. But its motive power is furnished by two assumptions: that President Roosevelt will not be a candidate for a third term; that he favors Paul McNutt to succeed him.

II

McNutt has been a candidate for the Presidency ever since he was a boy in short pants. About the first thing County Judge Crittenden McNutt of Martinsville, Indiana, told his young son was that he would be President some day. Ruth McNeely McNutt concurred. Paul was president of a school junta when he was only 7. He may be blessed with a glandular overcharge, for he was and is tireless. Late and early hours mean nothing to him, and he has kept himself big, loud, and handsomely in the public eye. When he was 27 he was

assistant professor of law at his alma mater, although it is still said that he has never tried a case. We went to war and took Paul McNutt part way. He finished the struggle as a colonel in a training camp. Again there were carpers who could not understand why he should be a full colonel at 28, or why, if he was so good, he had not been sent to France.

Even yet McNutt is unable to cure himself of the habit of referring to the "bloody shambles" when he makes his number-one speech, an indiscretion which is apt to draw Bronx cheers from the rear of the hall. But in 1919 our hero was on his way. He was a full professor of law at Indiana University and had discovered that both the American Legion and the school teachers of America wanted something handsome done for them. He made speeches and promises. In 1925 McHale and Elder wangled him in as commander of the Burton Woolery Post of the Legion; two years later he was commander of the Indiana Legion and three years later National Commander. His technique had been to fill the air with local candidates, and McNutt everyone's second choice. (Harry Daugherty made Harding President just that way.)

In 1932 Roosevelt was elected President and McNutt Governor of Indiana. McNutt is a smart man politically and Elder and McHale were smart too. They found Indiana's finances drowned in red, the Republicans without organization or leadership, teachers and policemen and firemen unpaid, city bonds in default. The nettle of power was there to be grasped by men who wear iron gloves. McNutt had 87 of the 100 members of the Indiana House and 43 of the 50 senators, as a result of the Roosevelt landslide.

The legislators would hear the draft of an act from McNutt in the morning and make it a law in the afternoon. They never got a chance to read these bills, for they were in manuscript. Some of them were good laws, but they were all McNutt's laws. People began to call him Great God McNutt. He showed no sign of annoyance. Some of the enabling laws, necessary for the co-operation of state and federal governments in the New Deal measures, were passed before the parent acts had become laws in Washington. McNutt did all these things in thirty days. An income tax law of 1 per cent on the gross, distressed business men but pleased farmers, for the one exemption allowed covered incomes of no more

than \$1000 which took in almost every farmer in the state.

McNutt reorganized the machinery of state government, slicing 108 state agencies to eight, and vested all authority in his own hands. Some state officials were elective officers; he took their patronage under the new law. Under the Beer Law, the state was divided into revenue districts and permit holders were named in each; their duty was to admit only such beers and liquors as they wished and bar all others. They collected all taxes and were responsible to the state. The same plan had been followed in France by the tax-farmers under the Bourbons, and even then it stank. The beer drinkers made no complaint, for they got more body and less suds for their nickel. However, the lawmakers began to suspect that they had been high-pressured by McNutt into passing a law before they saw what was really in it. Beer permit holders were growing rich before the lawmakers' eyes. The legislators began to demand that they be cut in. When it became evident that there could never be beer permits enough to go round, McNutt had the law repealed. But it was good while it lasted. Frank McHale is still the legal representative of various cor-

porations dealing in wet goods. "Bo" Elder was not a lawyer, so he went into the furniture business. A great deal of perfectly ethical business can be done with a state that needs refurnishing. Elder now ranks as well-to-do.

III

The Beer Law has been almost forgotten in Indiana, except on rainy days. It is the Two-Per-Cent-Club that promises to hold the attention of our best conversationalists — possibly even through 1940. An early McNutt law provided that each employee of the state might — if he wished, and somehow he always did — pay two per cent of his salary to the Two-Per-Cent-Club, which club should be exempt from the operation of the state's corrupt practices act. The theory was that an unnamed part of the cash intake should be paid over to the State Democratic organization for its support, but as a matter of fact the Two-Per-Cent-Club anticipated Fritz Kuhn's dealings with his Bund. Two-Per-Cent officers could do just what they wanted to with the money. McNutt and his men had the state employees, a levy on each state salary, and everything else within reach.

They also had the future to consider. McNutt had handled the finances of the state so well that even his enemies gave him credit. The state pulled out of the red with a lively balance in the treasury and achieved a pay-as-you-go basis. Cities and towns had been jacked into solvency. In 1936, however, McNutt would leave the office of governor, under the four year provision in the constitution, and he was just as anxious to be President as ever. So McNutt made a plan. A United States Senator was to be elected in 1934 and a Senator might be an ace in the game to be played. Sherman Minton was a lively young lawyer and a member of the Legion — his biography in the *Congressional Directory* states that he served one year overseas, which must be considered a tactless brag by any one of McNutt's true friends — and had gone broke in Florida real estate. McNutt made him Counsellor of the Public Service Commission and began a build-up. In 1934 Minton was elected to the United States Senate. In 1936 he tapped M. Clifford Townsend, a fishing farmer, for governor.

McNutt began to circle in the national field. Wherever a Roosevelt train was to be boarded McNutt boarded it. He was draped

in the national colors and an aura of cornet bands. It was no secret that he wanted a job. He had not saved any money, he told his followers, and it was a mere coincidence, he said, that his wife's family name appears in the Timolat Company, which sold goods to the state. The educators began to take a hand for their old friend. Stories circulated that he had been offered the presidency of various state universities. No one outside of Indiana thought much of him as a Presidential possibility, but when in Washington he was promptly received at the White House. Roosevelt offered him two — perhaps three — of the best things he had in the box. One was chairman of the Maritime Commission. McNutt, however, preferred to be high commissioner of the Philippines. The pay was good, there was a palace to live in, and he was at a distance from any political disturbance at home.

McNutt played the Presidential hand in the Philippines to perfection. Clever little President Quezon had been getting out of hand and McNutt reduced him to order. Maybe he was a little tough with Quezon, but Quezon will tell anyone that he loves McNutt. He called for more trade with the islands and less talk about an

indefensible independence. He was stiff with Japan. He could not have done better from the Administration's point of view.

But McNutt knew they were forgetting him at home. So he flew back, giving out interviews at every chance. He put on a cocktail party that is the gaudiest on record in a city where cocktail parties are gaudy. It was called bizarre and ridiculous, but it was nothing of the kind. McNutt knows the difference between buffoonery and good taste, but he also knew that a modest little party would have attracted no attention at all. If he could have handled them he would have added a trained gorilla and a couple of apes. To keep the record straight, he delivered a sermon at the Foundry Methodist Church. All things to all men.

John Lewis and William Green don't like McNutt. They remember that he shook labor's teeth in its head when he declared martial law in Terre Haute and stopped a strike. McNutt insists nowadays that it was nothing at all, but his eyes are apt to snap when he speaks of Lewis or Green. He is called a fascist by those who like imported words, because of the way he made himself boss of everything in Indiana. His friends are roaring loudly against this unfair attack, one reason

being that the more far-fetched talk of fascism the less talk of the Two-Per-Cent-Club. He is the determined friend of every New Dealer who counts, and is really liked by some of them. He is at the head of the FSA, which is a firmament in itself, and no one has been able to show that the President has not the warm feeling for McNutt that McNutt's friends say the President has. He has Frank McHale and a body of trained operators moving into every promising district in the middle-and-northwest. He gets more talk than all the other candidates for the 1940 prize put together.

Nor is it to be forgotten that his friends say Paul is Old Man Luck himself. When Pleas Greenlees, who was at that time McNutt's very close friend, was firing good Republicans so that better Democrats might have their jobs an enraged surgeon rose one night in a McNutt meeting:

"Will you answer one question?" he shouted.

McNutt rose to his six feet three inches of height. His platinum hair shone. His eyes sparkled:

"Any question, sir," he replied. "And with the help of Almighty God, I'll tell the truth."

Whereupon the surgeon dropped dead — literally.

► *The true account of an execution that made a holiday down in the Ozarks.*

A MAN IS HANGED

BY WALLACE R. BIGGS

THE Missouri State Supreme Court set the hanging of Sonny McDaniel for April 12, 1935. Hill folk were just beginning to notice the smell of spring in the air, and the Springfield *News-Leader*, leading newspaper of the "Queen City of the Ozarks," printed a story in its Signs of Spring column about the first tulips in the garden of Mrs. John Collins.

Sonny, a 250-pound Negro giant, had killed his sweetheart on the night of March 28, 1933. He was "tired of her," he said, and had "one too many women." In spite of the fact that she had been supporting him on her elevator-girl salary, Sonny took her for a ride on that March night, shot her three times in the head, and dumped her into a ditch. A huckster, bound for an early market, found the body. Next night the *News-Leader* carried an ad: "Wanted: colored girl to operate elevator. Apply the Vogue Shop." With a record which already included killing two men "in self defense," Sonny didn't have a chance. The twelve good

men and true condemned him to death.

From the office of Prosecuting Attorney Nat Benton, brother of Ozark artist Thomas Benton, Sheriff Scott Curtis learned that he would be allowed \$125 expenses for building the scaffold; also that it must adjoin the jail and be high enough to hide the execution from the public. "Nobody likes to hang a fellow," Sheriff Curtis commented to the press. "But it isn't so bad when you're sure the fellow's guilty, as we feel about Sonny. Besides what's one nigger's life, more or less?" At least, Sheriff Curtis didn't have to worry about Sonny, for he was 150 miles away at Jefferson City. It was costing the county 50¢ a day to keep him there, but it was worth the price.

So Sheriff Curtis went about his business. Twelve official witnesses had to be secured, including two physicians. The prosecuting attorney, Sonny's lawyer, and a Negro minister, who vaguely remembered Sonny as a youngster in Sunday school, were asked to at-

tend. No one under 21 was to be admitted.

Deluged with requests for passes to the hanging, Sheriff Curtis had to decide how many spectators he could crowd into the execution pen — also the color and form of the passes. He finally decided to pattern them after those used by Sheriff Bash of Jackson County, since Mrs. Curtis thought their “dignity and restraint” quite in keeping with the occasion. In the state penitentiary, with only the vaguest possibility of a pardon in sight, Sonny scrawled a letter to his mother: “It ain’t long now. Tell my lawyers and friends to get busy. They ain’t got no time to do nuthin’, seems to me.”

In the meantime, the Springfield citizenry were warming up to the occasion. When it was learned that Sheriff Curtis was reluctant to spring the death-trap, a 20-year-old Draughton Business College co-ed, Thelma Rediger, volunteered her services. She first telephoned the sheriff, and later wrote him. “I commend you for your nerve, little girl,” the middle-aged sheriff answered, “but the law won’t permit anyone under 21 to do it. I will have to spring the trap that sends the condemned man to his death. This is my job, and I will not pass the buck to anyone.”

Persistent, Miss Rediger made a personal call on Sheriff Curtis and her brown eyes snapped angrily as she reminded him that she was “no little girl.” “I wasn’t thinking of the money,” she insisted. “In fact, I wouldn’t take money for doing it. I wanted to show people that women have as much nerve as men. Then, frankly, I would like to know how it feels to be an executioner.”

Sheriff Curtis did not weaken, but he took her around to the partially-finished scaffold and explained its workings. Miss Rediger’s comment afterward was that the sheriff was “an awfully nice man.” She admitted that she was interested in writing, especially detective and mystery stories, but needed more experience. “An author must experience many things before she can write good stories,” she explained. “It is easier for men writers, but hard on women who want the same experience.”

“Thelma is a fine girl and a good student,” said President Bates of the local business college, puzzled as to whether his pupil was bringing good or bad publicity to his institution.

After Miss Rediger’s proposal that she spring the trap, local high school and college students became highly curious about scaffolds and

hangings. Every afternoon found interested groups of Drury and the State Teachers' college students watching the carpenters at work. Sheriff Curtis was always generous in his explanations, which he regarded as "educational." Gallows, he explained, were of two possible kinds: one, the lever type, where several levers were pulled by several men, so that no one man would feel solely responsible; the other was a one-man affair. The one-man gallows would be used. It would save the county \$25.

In Jefferson City, Sonny was cracking under the death-house strain; he had been kept under a death-watch, day and night, and he had lost fifteen pounds. His eyes were shifty and bloodshot, and his shoulders sagged for the first time in his life. He asked for a Bible to keep in his cell.

As death-morning drew near, requests for passes increased. "I'm already swamped with requests," Curtis told the press. "I've got to take care of my own force, the police department, the highway patrol, and peace officers in surrounding counties first, of course." The number of witnesses was finally set at 100, and was to include members of the jury that passed the sentence. "It seems to me," Sheriff Curtis explained, "that the jury

which convicted Sonny should be shown the courtesy of receiving passes, and the satisfaction of seeing him hung."

II

The public was anxious to help the Sheriff, as the hanging drew near. After Miss Rediger had been turned down as trap-springer, an unemployed man offered to do it for \$10. The wife of a prominent businessman, worried before going under an anaesthetic for an appendicitis operation, exclaimed as she came out from under the ether, "Oh, my God, I hope Sheriff Curtis doesn't have to hang that man."

With 100 hanging-passes almost all taken, the Sheriff continued to receive requests. "Now Scott," one of them read, "don't forget me. I want a ticket." Another read, "You know I'm your friend, Scott. I've helped you all I can and I'm counting on you to give me a ticket." Some read like threats: "I voted for you, remember, in the last election." "That hanging will cost me a lot of friends," lamented the Sheriff, expressing a desire to leave town until the day of the execution.

In the meantime, Miss Rediger, press-agented over the nation as

"the girl who wanted to kill a man for the thrill of it," was deluged with letters. Many admitted they were "kindred spirits"; others wrote mash-notes. A few criticized. One letter read: "How would YOU like to feel strangling fingers at YOUR throat?" and was signed X. A Cleveland, Ohio, insurance man was horrified that a "young and beautiful girl should want to do such a terrible thing." He enclosed poems to "cheer her up," and to get her "in a right frame of mind." One mash-note read: "A girl of twenty years and as beautiful as you are should be thinking of dates, not of hanging men." A New Jersey youth sympathized with her, and also wanted to spring the trap just to see if he "could sleep after the experience." A health resort wrote Miss Rediger, urging her "to keep her muscles strong enough for hanging people" by enlisting in a physical training course.

With two days to go, Sonny McDaniel was brought to the Springfield jail — on the same afternoon that the last nails were driven in the wooden scaffold. Through a local hardware concern, Sheriff Curtis had ordered twenty feet of special "hangman rope"; and the jailer, who had "fooled with ropes since a kid in a Boy

Scout troop," busily practiced the death knot. Local newspapers made the mistake of printing a reproduction of the passes, and hundreds of people, thinking they were authentic, clipped them for presentation the morning of the execution. On the day before the hanging, an elderly woman wrote to the sheriff:

This being the date of my birth makes it so sad somehow to me. Would it be asking too much that this would not happen on my birthday; I will be 68 years of age. While my birthday does not amount to any more than anyone else's, the thought seems so sad.

A special motorcycle detail was called out the morning of April 12, the end of the road for Sonny McDaniel, to direct traffic in the vicinity of the county jail. The morning was soft and warm, with a faint mist in the air which made headlights look like lanterns hung in pairs on a foggy night. Several hundred people crowded outside the execution pen. Gangs of small boys amused themselves by counting the number of cars from Oklahoma, Kansas, and Arkansas, which had driven all night to be in Springfield for the execution. A Negro minister passed out pamphlets reading: "Are you prepared to meet your God?"

At 5:10, the crowd became noisier; feet shuffled as the thick, echoing fog-blanket became denser.

There was much whispering, pulling out of watches, nervousness. At 5:15, the lever was shoved by the white-faced Sheriff; a heavy, creaking thud and a shaking of timbers echoed above the impatient crowd outside the barricade. There were a few seconds of breathless silence. At 5:25, when Sonny McDaniel was pronounced dead, there was a scramble for rope-souvenirs, as twenty feet of hanging hemp was hurriedly sliced into four- and five-inch sections, to be sold as mementos of the occasion. As the crowd filed out, Sonny was placed on a hospital stretcher and shoved into a waiting ambulance.

That morning at 8:15, Sheriff Curtis caught a train for Kansas City, leaving final orders that the scaffold was to be torn down and sold at once as scrap-lumber. One day's advertisement in the *News-Leader* brought a buyer — the Mt.

Union Gospel church, for the construction of a new Sunday School room.

For a week, local Negroes whispered that Sonny had not been dead when he was cut down from the scaffold, that someone had seen his arm move as he was carried off on the stretcher. But certainty of Sonny's death came to the hundreds of curious spectators who, during the week following, drove out to a lonely Negro grave on George Street Road to inspect a new mound, over which no marker was erected. Miss Rediger returned to her shorthand and typing. Sheriff Curtis continued the normal duties of his office. Memories of the hanging were swept aside by the smell of lilacs in the April air . . . and the talk of baseball . . . and fishing . . . and a good stand of spring wheat.

SEA JUDGMENT

BY ROBERT PHILIP HILLIER

AUSTERE sea gulls,
Like grey judges
Wait,
Knee deep
For wind and tide
To bring their victims
In for judgment.

GERMAN ADMIRALS EXPECT DEFEAT

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

Author of *From Nazi Sources: Why Hitler Can't Win!*

THE European War in its initial three months has been, except for the rapid conquest of Poland, essentially a naval struggle, in terms of blockade, counterblockade, and demolition of enemy tonnage. The two sides were stalemated on land and tended to cancel each other out in the air. Only on sea did the conflict develop intensely, in the silent and relentless pressures of economic blockade and the headlined sinkings of ships. The truth about the relative naval strengths of the warring nations is therefore basic to an understanding of the struggle; and that truth, though distorted for the masses at home and abroad, is a matter of record for the experts. The German Admiralty has in effect revealed its awareness that, in the naval sense at least, the war against England was lost before it began. Authoritative opinion in that regard is most unlikely to be disturbed by the melodrama of a new or revised weapon such as the mining of waters from the air. Every surprise

weapon is effective only temporarily — until it produces its inevitable antidote in a defensive weapon or defensive technique.

Adolf Hitler's Admirals are committed to double-talk. Their public statements, intended to bolster the morale of the German people in the face of Britain's blockade, reiterate propaganda slogans about "the resurrected might of German sea power." Their communiqués speak of "German supremacy in the North Sea" and predict the imminent destruction of Britain's battle fleet. Among themselves, however, these Admirals speak a different language. Articles in their own periodicals, and official Admiralty statistics, reflect their grave doubts as to Germany's naval preparedness. German Admiralty officials — whose testimony supplied the evidence offered in this survey — admit the inferiority of the Nazi navy and warn against the disastrous outcome of a conflict with Britain's battle fleet. These warnings, significantly, were sounded

in authoritative articles published shortly before the outbreak of this war.

Most outspoken is Admiral Wilhelm Prentzel. A World War veteran and a great expert, Admiral Prentzel knows intimately the limitations of Germany's fleet in the light of the tasks of a modern navy. Just before Chancellor Hitler started the war, Admiral Prentzel contributed an important article to a book entitled *Germany's Armed Forces, 1914-1939*. This volume was officially sponsored by the German War Ministry and the High Commands of the German armed forces, so that its authority is beyond question. In his contribution Admiral Prentzel undertakes to review past experiences and map the future duties of the German Navy. Navies will have greater duties to perform in contemporary wars, he asserts, "The times of purely continental warfare are over. Once again Germany has become a world power and this obliges us to regain our sea power as well. *Only sea powers can be world powers!*" What are, according to Admiral Prentzel, the tasks of the revamped German naval forces? He writes:

The reconstruction of Germany's sea might must aim at the maintenance of German security. It is not sufficient

merely to provide for the defense of our coastline and our coastal waters. Aside from the strictly military task of keeping the enemy away from our shores, this security involves the protection of our overseas supplies of raw materials and the foodstuffs required by our population. A considerable part of our foreign trade travels along these overseas routes.

As a matter of fact, about 40 per cent of Germany's peacetime foreign trade was with overseas countries. Since the Anglo-French blockade may interfere even with supplies normally reaching Germany from Belgium, the Netherlands, and the Scandinavian countries, about two-thirds of Germany's imports require the protection of her navy.

Hitler's Admirals do not conceal their knowledge that their navy is unable to offer this crucial protection. That is why they were emphatic in cautioning against war with Great Britain. Almost on the eve of the present war, Admiral Prentzel wrote:

An attack against the overwhelmingly superior sea position of Great Britain is out of the question. Germany has drawn her conclusions from the experiences of the last war and knowingly allots but a modest role to her navy.

The experience to which Admiral Prentzel refers taught the Germans that Britain is practically invincible. "The German Navy was powerless against Britain's

blockade . . ." he recalls. "The British blockade resulted in the complete cessation of Germany's overseas trade while that of Britain was hardly touched by the operations of the German High Sea Fleet." Summarizing this prophetic analysis, he concludes:

Britain's unbroken blockade in the North Sea secured for her all overseas supplies she required as well as assured the transportation of troops and war materials from England and overseas points to the European battlefields. Thus Great Britain was able to make a most decisive contribution toward the strengthening of the enemy front. This continual reinforcement of the Allied armies, added to the gradually increasing starvation of the Central Powers, brought about the final victory of the Allies.

It is not accidental, obviously, that the leaders of the German Navy thus pointedly reviewed the lessons of the first World War — on the eve of the second. In summarizing the dismal experiences of 1914-18, they aimed to clarify the perils of another war. Admiral Prentzel's candid warning against the adventure of a test against Great Britain's sea power becomes increasingly impressive when it is read in conjunction with official German figures disclosing the country's present naval strength and comparing it with her position a quarter of a century ago.

II

Figures published by the official *German Yearbook of the High Command of the Navy, 1939*, edited by Rear-Admiral R. Gadow, with a foreword by Grand-Admiral Dr. Erich Raeder, reveal the actual naval strength of the belligerents so far as "available, non-obsolete warships" are concerned:

	Percentage of the world's total	
	1914	1939
Great Britain..	39.8	29.3
France.....	12.8	13.1
Germany.....	18.6	4.2

Germany thus discloses officially that while in 1914 the Imperial Navy represented almost one-fifth of the world's total and more than one-third of the combined Anglo-French naval forces, it represented but 1/25th of the world's total, and less than 1/10th of the Anglo-French naval strength, at the outset of the present war.

It is often said that the great superiority of the Anglo-French navies is partly reduced by the fact that this superiority consists of capital ships, which have more or less outlived their usefulness. Recent naval developments seem to support this assumption. The ratio of capital ships has decreased from 60 per cent in 1914 to about 40 per cent in 1939. At the same time

the ratio of smaller naval units, like torpedoboats and destroyers, increased from 6.5 per cent in 1914 to 12.6 per cent in 1939. The increase of the submarine ratio was from 1.2 per cent to 7.7 per cent.

But this consoling argument is flatly rejected by those whom it would favor most: the German Admirals. As a matter of fact, they regard it as a perilous fallacy. In a 1938 report, the official German Institute of Economic Research emphasized: "Now, as before, the capital ship is the backbone of the great battle fleets. A fleet without capital ships is like an army without infantry. It may inflict destructive damage, but it will never be able to bring about a final decision." This clear-cut view is expressed by the German Admiralty as well. In an article published in the 1938 volume of *Wissen und Wehr*, a highly respected German military periodical, Vice-Admiral Dr. H. Groos wrote that "the modern sea battle" will require "moveable and swift units of ships and planes of all categories to supplement each other in reconnaissance and combat, in attack and defense."

The German Navy, however, is decidedly out of balance for what Admiral Groos called a "modern sea battle." She has a negligible number of capital ships, at present

practically paralyzed in home ports or hiding away on distant oceans. Her smaller units are still far from adequate in number. And, contrary to common belief, she has a rather limited number of undersea craft which, nevertheless, must carry the burden of the present war at sea. In contrast to the 21 capital ships¹ of the combined Anglo-French navies representing an aggregate tonnage of about 610,000, Germany possesses only 5 capital ships with an aggregate tonnage of only 82,000.

It is important to note that the German Admirals are aware of the rather limited possibilities left for the employment of these German capital ships. True, one or two of the five succeeded in breaking through the British blockade. They have the technical advantage of being faster and of wider cruising range than the German capital ships of 1914 which accomplished a similar feat. "Their machinery consists of Diesel engines," writes Admiral Prentzel, "utilized to such an extent for the first time, enabling the ships to cover a distance of 10,000 sea miles, an unparalleled performance." But even with this technical improvement, the German Navy does not expect much success from its capital ships

¹ That is, after the sinking of the *Royal Oak*.

at large on the oceans, chiefly because it remembers the experiences of the last war. Of those experiences with warships that ran the British blockade and operated on the high seas, Admiral Prentzel writes: "Germany's efforts to establish naval bases and refueling stations by means of peacetime agreements were all frustrated by the British." On this account, "while the campaign against enemy merchant ships was quite successful during the first months of the war, it was restricted to a limited period of time." Today conditions are similar. With even fewer capital ships at her disposal, present-day Germany may score a few initial successes but eventually the entire scope of her naval warfare will be limited to submarine attacks and the use of mines.

For the conduct of this submarine warfare Germany has a very efficient U-Boat fleet and a good many daredevil commanders, but its actual strength is considerably overrated. It seems to the writer that even Winston Churchill assumes the existence of more German submarines than do, in fact, exist. British Admiralty communiqués issued in October estimated Germany's U-Boat fleet at 90 to 100 units, but German sources reveal considerably fewer. Corresponding

figures published by the official German *Weyer's Pocket-Book of the World's War-Fleets* as well as by the *Yearbook of the German Admiralty* (both of 1939) showed that the Third Reich embarked upon her war against the British fleet with only 61 undersea craft. We have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the German figure, since we know that the Germans were wont to exaggerate rather than belittle their own armed strength, especially prior to the war.

Even this smaller German figure is impressive if one remembers that this entire submarine fleet was created in only five years. As late as 1936, at the time the ill-fated Anglo-German Naval Treaty was signed, Germany was still denying possession of any submarines. But immediately after the signature of that treaty there appeared as if from nowhere 24 brand-new 250-ton German U-Boats, despite the prohibitions of the Versailles treaty.

Today both Admiral Prentzel and the Admiralty's *Yearbook* admit that these craft were launched prior to 1935. It has also been confirmed that the first post-war submarine college in Germany was opened at Kiel on October 1, 1933, only eight months after the Nazis' seizure of power and long before Hitler's open violations of the Ver-

sailles Treaty. Sixty officers, 60 engineers, 45 deck-officers, and 950 petty officers and men were assigned to this school — all of them under 30. The first graduates participated in the Spanish Civil War, manning Franco's pirate submarines. Since submarine crews require a four-year training period, there is only a limited personnel available to man the German U-Boats. This may explain in part why there are so few German submarines operating off the British and French coasts.

The first post-war German submarines were unusually small, not only because they were easier to build secretly and could be completed faster but because in 1934 the Admiralty still reckoned with a war against the Soviet Union. It believed that submarines of such small tonnage would be better suited to conditions in the Baltic. In 1936 two U-Boats of 712 tons each were added and the building of ten 500-ton submarines began. The Admiralty's *Yearbook* revealed that the former were the first to be equipped with modern mine-laying apparatus and that today all under-sea craft above the 250-ton class carries such equipment with facilities for 30 to 50 mines. As European tension increased and the center of gravity shifted from the

east to the west, Germany intensified her submarine construction program and began building her U-Boats larger. In 1938, 24 more were launched, and Admiral Prentzel indicated that all of them were ready for action by 1939.

According to Weyer's, the official German *Pocket-Book of the World's War-Fleets*, Germany entered the war with the following fleet of underwater craft:

		<i>Tons each</i>
U-1 — U-24	(1935-6)	250
U-25 — U-26	(1936)	712
U-27 — U-36	(1936-7)	500
U-37 — U-44	(1938-9)	740
U-45 — U-51	(1938-9)	517
U-52 — U-55	(1938-9)	517
U-56 — U-61	(1939)	250

Allied and Nazi estimates of German submarine losses since the war started differ widely. The British assert that about 30 or more German U-Boats were either sunk, captured, disabled; the Germans admit fewer casualties.¹ But even if Germany has lost only ten submarines (a very moderate estimate), it means that one-sixth of her submarine fleet has been destroyed in the first three months of hostilities — an exorbitant price for the damage inflicted on the British fleet and merchant marine. According to this estimate, Britain lost about 1.5 per cent of her

¹ As of December 1, 1939.

merchant marine, for which Germany paid with about 16 per cent of her entire submarine fleet.

It is well to remember that the production of submarines still requires considerable time, so that replacement is slow. In its 1938 report the official German Institute of Economic Research establishes that the execution of naval building programs requires less time today than in 1914-1918. Then 30 to 36 months were required to build a 9000-ton battle-cruiser while today such cruisers are built in 27 months. The building of a torpedo boat or destroyer required 18 to 24 months in 1914, while today it is completed in about 14 to 18 months. The construction of a submarine averaged 24 months in 1914. Today submarines are built in 18 months or even less. The same German report acclaims Italy as the country which builds submarines fastest, having built a "620-ton submarine in about 12 months." It is possible that 250-ton submarines do not require a full year to complete but these pocket-submarines can hardly be used in the sea war against Britain. The fact remains that, according to official Nazi sources, U-Boats which can be thrown against the British fleet and merchant marine with the

prospect of success need between one year and 18 months for construction. The building cost of submarines has increased with the speeding up of construction. German statistics indicate that the building of a capital ship had cost from £80 to £100 per ton at the beginning of the last war. Today it costs more than £200 per ton. The building costs of submarines being double those of capital ships, the construction cost of a 500-ton U-Boat is about \$1,000,000.

Germany's submarine warfare against Britain is thus extremely costly both in time and money. Moreover, the increasingly complicated machinery of U-Boats require crews who have had longer training periods—a fact which makes the maintenance of supplementary reserves rather difficult. Admiral Prentzel writes: "While military service was fixed at one year and later extended to two years, the special service of the navy requires men to be retained and trained for not less than four years." Thus the question of personnel causes additional anxieties with Hitler's harried Admirals.

Germany's naval outlook is neither secure nor bright. It has been said that if Germany were able to obtain the necessary raw materials and continue her naval construc-

tion program at the rate of her present output, she would soon overtake the French navy and closely approach Britain's. This view is represented by certain neutral observers who are impressed by the absolute figures of the German construction program. They fail to realize, however, that even at the completion of this program the Nazi navy would still remain among the "lower-bracket navies" of the world.

III

A survey prepared by the German Institute of Economic Research and published on July 12, 1939 revealed that the total German naval construction program amounts to only 188,200 tons as compared with the 558,000 tons called for in the Anglo-French construction plans. Germany is building only two capital ships and Weyer's give their aggregate tonnage as 70,000. Britain and France, on the other hand, are building no less than eleven capital ships, totaling 395,000 tons. Similarly large is the gulf between the Allied and German submarine construction programs, although in this field the numerical difference is smaller than the difference in tonnage. The Germans admit plans

for 22 submarines, representing a total of 11,000 tons. The Anglo-French construction program provides for 38 submarines totaling 37,000 tons. In other words, the proportional difference between the allied navies and the German navy will remain practically unchanged even at the end of their respective construction programs. Present building activities in German navy yards certainly do not menace Britain's naval superiority.

The enormous difference between the belligerent fleets in favor of the Allies is evident in the following summary figures, as of January 1, 1939:

	<i>Allies</i>	<i>Germany</i>
Capital Ships (by tons):		
Available	610,000	82,000
Building	395,000	70,000
Submarines (by tons):		
Available	128,000	16,000
Building	37,000	11,000

The German U-Boat fleet alone will not be able to break the sea might of Great Britain. Nor can it be expected that Germany can so rapidly increase its sea power during actual hostilities that it could be brought to a par with that of her opponents. But if open naval engagements are not possible; if submarine warfare can produce only limited results, what can be done? Could mines help? Could cruisers which have broken through

the blockade have a decisive influence on the final result?

The German Admiralty considered all these questions long before the outbreak of the war and answered in the negative on all counts. Mines as an arm of sea warfare are not new. They even played an important part in the Russo-Japanese war. Their first large scale use was in the World War. What was the result? Admiral Prentzel writes:

There were approximately 187,000 mines laid in European territorial waters of which 57,000 were in the isolated North Sea region between the Shetland Islands and Norway. To meet this increased danger from mines, mine sweepers and mine seekers built before the war had to be increased in number and efficiency during the war. For immediate protection of ships against mines, war craft as well as merchant craft were equipped with the newly invented "apron"—a protective implement with which the bow of the boat was equipped. As a result of immediately employed protective measures the mine had soon lost its effectiveness as an offensive weapon.

In this war the Germans resorted to the employment of mines at an early stage of the conflict since the purely submarine warfare failed to bring about decisive results. As is usually the case with the application of new or illegally employed weapons, the German mines did a lot of damage when

they first appeared off the British coast. Yet British counter-measures were soon to strip these mines of their initial effectiveness. Defensive weapons are developed much faster now than in 1918.

Thus the German Admirals judge their own sea power. Major naval engagements are out of the question because of the unevenness of the opposing forces. In view of the small number of available U-Boats and the extended period of construction, the potentialities of submarine warfare are rather negligible. Mines and a few cruisers that have broken through the steel ring of the British blockade cannot win much of permanent value. There can be no question of even touching Britain's superiority on the seas, according to the German Admiralty, just before this war began. Individual exploits of dare-devil U-Boat commanders cannot make any difference in the long run. Even if the Germans were to succeed in sinking as many Allied ships as there are German warships altogether, the combined English-French war fleet would still be *nine times as strong* as the German. The German Admiralty knows this and therefore is aware, as we said at the outset, that Hitler's naval war against Britain was lost before it had begun.

LUNACY: RIGHT AND LEFT

We are forced to laugh at the picture of the hypocritical American government shedding crocodile tears over the fate of bourgeois democracy. Roosevelt and his imperialist advisers have only one prayer on their lips. It is: "God, send us a protracted war."

— Moscow *Trud*, November 13.



In traveling under an assumed name I was merely doing what is customary among the aristocracy when they travel incognito.

— Earl Browder, proletarian leader, in explaining his use of false passports.

Once again America emerges in its true role as "Uncle Shylock." While Washington weeps over the fate of small nations, it nevertheless encourages the traffic in arms to the highest bidder. The entire nauseating business is typically American.

— Berlin *Voelkischer Beobachter*, November 13.



Now that the revolution is victorious in the Soviet Union, more than one political party is unnecessary. The new Soviet Constitution, therefore, is the highest form of democracy.

— *Daily Worker*, organ of the American Communist Party, December 8, 1938.

I hope that I am tried before an exclusively Jewish jury. The Jewish people are a persecuted race and they will understand how I am being hounded and persecuted by Mayor LaGuardia and District Attorney Dewey.

— Fritz Kuhn, head of the German-American Bund.



The American capitalists, whose only interest is in furthering the war, repeal the embargo on the export of arms in order to secure huge profits to the kings of the munitions industry. . . blood money.

— Manifesto of the Communist International, issued in Moscow, November 6.

The leadership principle of the Nazi government and of the German-American Bund in the United States is the most advanced form of democracy.

— George Froebe, Mid-Western District Organizer for the Bund, November 8.

— *Deutsche Diplomatischpolitische Korrespondenz*, organ of the Nazi Foreign Office, November 16.

Soviet might will teach the Finnish imperialists that no one can successfully set foot on our soil.

— *Izvestia*, November 4.



The attack on the Communists is fundamentally an attack on the political rights of all labor groups and progressives generally.

— *New Masses*, November 7.

We will not tolerate continued insults at the hands of the Polish warmongers.

— *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, August 15.

The arrest of our leader, Fritz Kuhn, is the beginning of a drive that will lead to the suppression of all honest criticism in this country.

— *Der Weckruf und Beobachter*, organ of the German-American Bund, October 28.



The American people are at the point of open revolt against their government's desire to plunge them into the European war. A new anti-war song is now sweeping the United States. It is called *The Yanks Are Not Coming*.

— *Red Star*, organ of the Soviet Army, November 19.

Führer Adolf Hitler's escape from assassination has made a profound impression on American people of all classes, who are inclined to regard the fact that he escaped unhurt as a sign that Der Führer enjoys the special protection of Providence.

— Radio news broadcaster over the official Berlin station, November 9.



THE FOREST

BY PHEBE ANN CLARKE

STRONGHOLD of night, this somber forest stands.
 S Upon its fernspread footstool shadows sleep,
 Old shadows cling to branch and leafy sky,
 Coldly, forever, dwells the darkness deep.

Solemn the inky forest stands, black — black —
 Save where the trembling watercourses run,
 Save where white birches open maiden arms
 To meet the eternal wooing of the sun.

MAIL-ORDER MATRIMONY

BY DAVID ROBINSON GEORGE

HAS Cupid overlooked you? Are you groping for Romance, Love, and Wedded Bliss? Have you failed to find the Ideal One? Don't lose hope — try the correspondence clubs. From Kennebunkport to Keokuk, from Wauwatosa to Walla Walla, hundreds of mail-order matrimonial agencies are leaping into the social breach. They're a racket, and they're a godsend. For every swindle, seduction, or sordid crime they bring about, they weld a score of solid unions between men and women who otherwise might go through life unwed. These agencies are so active that they are considered interstate commerce. The Federal Trade Commission watches them closely, and many have been shut down because of misleading advertisements.

So frequently are correspondence clubs organized and dissolved that the exact number of them in the United States would be impossible to determine. Research has revealed, however, that approximately 400 are now operating, with

a floating membership of some 2,000,000. Their prolific correspondence burdens postmen with close to 500,000,000 letters annually. The net result is about 5000 marriages a year, and with each club clearing from \$1000 to \$5000 annually, their combined profit is in the millions.

Most matrimonial clubs confine their advertisements to intimate magazines like the *Police Gazette*, which is the most widely used medium, or *Comfort*, *Good Stories*, *Mother's Home Life and Household Guest*, *Spicy Detective*, and the sensational movie and pulp magazines. Appeals to loneliness are, of course, the universal basis of their ads, of which these are typical:

LONESOME? Charming friends for lonely hearts. Many wealthy, suitable companions for Ladies and Gentlemen. Free sealed information.

CHASE those lonely hours away. We have the very Pal for you, lonesome like yourself. Free particulars; confidential, interesting descriptions. Attractive members everywhere (many wealthy).

LONELY? Do you need someone's love, tenderness and comradeship? Someone needs YOURS, too. Free details.

SINGLE? Would you marry if suited? Let us find that Sweetheart for you. We have made thousands happy. Why not you? Quick service.

WE RUN LIFE'S RACE BUT ONCE. Why be cheated always? Modern, high-class social club for refined, cultured people all ages. Strictly confidential, dignified, dependable. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Choosing the right club is up to the individual. The Willis B. Futch Fidelity Club of Darien, Idaho, may suit some, while others will be happier with the National Social Register of Washington, D. C. Some clubs charge as little as 10¢ for a single list of prospective sweethearts, while others demand \$5 in annual dues for regular service. Answer the ad you've chosen, and you'll receive a large, plain envelope, fat with mimeographed or printed matter, including an application blank and a form letter which usually addresses you as "Dear Lonely Friend." Expressing his pleasure at receiving your inquiry, the club manager proceeds to paint a glowing picture of what the future holds.

"Opportunity now beckons you," writes Elmer Swearingen of Wichita, operator of the Individual Introductory Service. "It is your GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY to join with us and seek Romance in its thrilling, soul-satisfying splendor, to escape the boredom of your lonely

existence, to know the glamorous joys of another's arms, the exquisite sensation another's lips engender, to revel in the comfort and Divine Sweetness of a Home filled with Love and Companionship."

"You do not know what it is to live alone, uncared for, unknown, when old age overtakes you," warns Fred P. Morrison of Seattle, who runs the Morrison Social Club. "Solitude fills one with a horrible agony, with nothing to look forward to but a painful deathbed and an unwept grave."

Accompanying the form letter will be a long list of eligible brides or grooms, depending on your sex. Their incomparable qualities are individually detailed, and, in the more elaborate catalogs of the larger agencies, photographs are included. Each description is keyed with a number. On joining the club, you receive the names and addresses corresponding to the numbers of the descriptions that interest you. In addition, your own qualifications, submitted on the application blank, are included in the regularly augmented lists — although you may hardly recognize yourself after the enthusiastic manager has glorified you in print. Thus you can write to members of the opposite sex who seem attractive, and those to whom your

description appeals can write to you. If you prefer, you can remain unlisted and confine your activities to writing others; or you can have your description inserted and wait until others write to you.

II

The World-Wide Friendship Club of Little Rock, of which Clara Johnston is president, offers the club's yearning bachelors the following typical opportunities:

2037. Age 34. Here you are! A beautiful, stylish, blue-eyed, brown-haired, good-complexioned young lady in her prime, with a magnetic personality, who looks like a million dollars and always dresses very tastily. Artistic. A good manager — not extravagant. Never been married, and seeking a Soul Mate. Excellent family connections. Fond of sports and a Good Fellow. Has High Ideals and realizes that money doesn't mean everything in life. We know her as a versatile, happy-minded, adaptable and well-educated girl any man would be proud of. Height 5' 6". Weight 130 pounds.

2231. Age 18. If you are looking for one young and sweet-dispositioned who has blue eyes and brown hair, with an exceptionally fair complexion, who always dresses neatly and is looking for a True Pal, then you surely will want to correspond with this young lady. Has \$1000 cash and income. Likes either city or country. We know her as having "IT," being versatile and adaptable, and would make a congenial companion. Height 5' 3". Weight 135 pounds.

Florence Milton, who operates

the American Friendship Society of Detroit, specializes in catches for women members fearing spinsterhood. Listen to these:

8-1380. Very handsome, German descent, age 26, 66 in. tall, wt. 125 lbs., light brown wavy hair, blue eyes, very pleasing and lovable disposition, college education, artist, has good income, at present worth \$50,000 and will inherit TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS (\$25,000,000). Anxious to marry soon.

4-0152. English, resembling the Duke of Windsor. Age 32, 68¾ in. tall, wt. 148 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, cheerful disposition, dances, perfect health. Representative with income of \$3000. Will inherit about \$50,000. Educated at Rugby and Cambridge. Was Major with Royal Flying Corps in war. Will marry as soon as suited.

Evan Moore of Jacksonville, Florida, who calls his Evan Moore Correspondence Club "the Foremost Select Social Correspondence Society in the World," does not even reveal the key numbers of the select descriptions which appear on his prospectus. Only the magic membership fee stands between you and the numbers, *plus* names and addresses. To tantalize potential members, Mr. Moore lists these:

BEAUTIFUL HEIRESS of French-Italian descent, age 28, 5 ft., 3 in., 124 lbs., young widow by death, Catholic, college education, speaks French and English, can converse on any subject, charming company, sew, cook, keep house and plays piano. Very affectionate and has a keen sense of humor. Brunette type

of beauty; sparkling dark brown eyes, kissable lips, velvet complexion, superbly formed and stylish dresser. Interested in all the worthwhile things in life. Worth \$15,000. Will inherit \$20,000. Welcome correspondence with Catholic gentlemen who are seeking honest-to-goodness Pal.

ADORABLE LITTLE college student, sensible and sedate, yet full of Pep and has pleasing personality and a big, warm heart full of Love. Age 18, 5 ft., 4 in., 130 lbs., Protestant, plays piano and mandolin. Stunning brunette type, beautiful form and tasty dresser. Boys, she's a Dream. I'm anxious to hear from a nice young man who wants a Real Pal.

SWEET AND DEMURE blonde miss of the Baby Doll type; large, soulful gray eyes, exquisite form and a classy dresser. Has magnetic personality, very entertaining, plays piano, has been on stage. Age 21, 5 ft., 5 in., 125 lbs., Methodist, college education. Love a cozy home and hope to meet a young man who has something more than a lasting friendship in view.

Just as alluring are the descriptions Mr. Moore outlines for potential women members:

EXCEPTIONALLY HANDSOME Yankee bachelor — a Prince of a Fellow — very refined, somewhat reserved, but when acquainted, very jovial and witty. Civil engineer, age 36, 6 ft., 1 in., 190 lbs., college education, traveled extensively. Brown hair, blue eyes, nice smile and dimples, too. Fond of all sports. Worth \$175,000, handsome income. Now for an attractive Pal with a bungalow!

BAPTIST MINISTER, age 28, 5 ft., 6 in., 154 lbs., college education. I'm good-looking, they say, dark brown hair with deep blue eyes, athletic physique, wears best of clothes and presents an attractive appearance. Gentle and kind. Fond of home and all wholesome amusements.

Wishes to hear from a nice, sensible girl in search of an honest-to-goodness Pal.

THE LONG EVENINGS get oh! so lonesome on a large ranch without a Little Pal to keep one company. Wealthy rancher, age 27, 5 ft., 11 in., 155 lbs., Golden Rule, college education. Stately stature, handsome brunette type with blue eyes, neat and tasty dresser. Have all the conveniences of a modern ranch, such as radio, auto, Victrola, etc. Generous disposition and immaculate character. An unusual fellow you are sure to admire.

If you're a neophyte at the art of writing love letters, the managers of the clubs will help you. Mr. Moore, for example, will send you a copy of his pamphlet, *Courtships by Mail* (two editions; one for each sex), in which he clears up the fine points of Writing Love Letters, Asking Questions, Exchange of Photos, Personal Visits, and Holding a Mate. The author offers no model love letters. "Every lover," he declares, "must form his own rapturous phrases according to the Little God who whispers from the heart."

"It is not good policy to brag," he advises. "To say 'I am a handsome gentleman (or beautiful woman, as the case may be)' sounds vain and conceited. But 'Some of my acquaintances have been kind enough to flatter me by saying that I am —' conveys the same impression in a more delicate and ac-

ceptable manner. . . . Always tell the truth and you'll have no regrets later."

What Women Like About Men, Mr. Moore advises, is manliness, good character, disposition and habits, and intelligence. "Every man should be careful to keep his nails manicured, his shoes shined and his hair well-kept," writes Cupid's Helper. "Women love cleanliness; many a woman could love a clean sinner, but never a dirty saint. God creates Man, but Woman develops him. There is not a bad man in the world that does not expect some time to be good — Woman knows this."

As for promiscuity, "the average man is willing to party and have a good time with girls that smoke and drink, but is not keen on marrying the Good Sport who pets and goes for fast parties. When a man marries, he wants a girl who is *different*. . . . Men love Pals, a Pal who shares his joys and fortunes, as well as his sorrows and misfortunes. You cannot be a good Pal and sleep half the day. . . . Women who paint their faces with rouge and lipstick are stared at by men but not admired. It is true, they attract attention, but so does a circus clown. . . . Men take women for what they seem, not what they are. A hardened *demi-*

monde who wears the mask of innocence fares better with men than the pure, sweet-hearted girl who pretends to be a little wicked."

After marriage, Mr. Moore warns, "do not think that your love career is over; far from it. It is harder to hold a mate than it is to get yourself married to one. You should strive just as much to do the little things that go to make your mate happy as you did when you were sweethearts."

Mr. Moore knows what he's talking about, for his club is one of the largest and most successful. Forced by lack of funds to leave college, he learned from a friend who had been swindled by a crooked marital broker that there was a need for a service really catering to the love-hungry. He established one seventeen years ago. Today 19,365 men and 19,377 women have enrolled, with more coming every day. Over half of them have found the much-desired Connubial Bliss. Women over 50, Mr. Moore confesses, present his greatest problem. They clog the lists. Having an exalted opinion of their importance to men, they never seem to realize that they have lost, at their age, the charm most men demand. Another class of women, almost illiterate, yearn to wed doctors, lawyers, and clergy-

men. Equally troublesome are men over 60 who have the idea that they can be rejuvenated by marrying girls of 18, and men both old and young who demand rich women.

Testimonials, as with all clubs, are vitally important to Mr. Moore. They are proof that his efforts to play Cupid are successful, and some of them are reproduced on his promotion material. But thousands are relegated to his files, never to be publicized. Invariably they begin: "Please remove my name from your list. . . ." For the Wonderful Goal has been accomplished; they have met and married their Life Partners.

A Philadelphia publisher, who found his ideal in a North Carolina school teacher, writes:

Here is wonderful news! On Thursday last, I was united in Holy Wedlock to the loveliest girl in the world, Miss ———, a member of your club. To say she is absolutely perfect in every respect might seem an exaggeration to one who has never met her, yet it is true. Fortunately, she feels exactly the same about me. This is beyond our fondest hopes and dreams. Enclosed please find check for \$5 as a contribution to your work.

One request for withdrawal of membership strikes a discordant note, however. From a young apartment house manager who came from the West to marry a millinery designer in the Bronx, it says:

This is the second time I am requesting you to please remove the name of my wife, Doris, from your list completely as she is no longer Miss ———. We were married here in June, and since then have been annoyed frequently by letters from other members to my wife. This must stop, so please get busy at once and remove this name from your list.

III

Another successful agency is the Get Together Club of Kansas City, Missouri, operated by the Rev. John L. Jones. When the Rev. Mr. Jones, a native Welshman, came to this country, he found it decidedly lonely. Moving from New York to Kansas City, he still lacked companionship, despite the fact that he took over the pastorate of the busy Downtown Community Church there. In 1926, he organized his club as a side activity on the theory that there must be others as lonely as he. He was right, and business flourished. Three years later, the Rev. Mr. Jones married one of his own club members.

Most managers frown on visits from members, but the Rev. Mr. Jones actually encourages them. He takes great satisfaction in personally performing marriages between those he has matched, and in the thirteen years of his club's existence, has united more than 1300 couples, while over 4000,

through his efforts, have been wed elsewhere. He readily admits, however, that some of his romances have turned out unhappily, and cites a case:

A woman from Georgia, 55, met a fine man from Alabama through an introduction given by our club. He visited her several times, they liked each other, became engaged and set the date for the wedding. He had a nice new car, a steady life income and bought a beautiful home that both of them might spend the Evening of Life together. He, however, according to her, turned out to be a Wolf in Sheep's Clothing. One evening, after a most enjoyable day, they were sitting together in the twilight, when, suddenly, without warning, he threw his arms around her and kissed her. She never was so shocked in her life, she wrote me, bitterly reproaching the Get Together Club for having such members.

This case was equally unfortunate:

A woman of 60 from Colorado met a fine man from the same state. After he visited her a couple of times, they arranged to get married. His economic position was satisfactory, his manner pleasing. He dressed nicely and conducted himself in all things as a Gentleman should. It should have been a most happy union for the woman, but her marriage hopes were shattered when she discovered he believed in Spiritualism.

Club managers assume that the qualifications submitted by their members are honest; applicants are reminded it is a penitentiary offense to submit misleading statements for advertisement. But dishonesty sometimes rears its head.

An Arkansas hillbilly, Mrs. Pollie Jones, and her husband, are serving long terms in Federal prison for sending passionate, although slightly illiterate, letters to dozens of men, asking only \$10 to \$50 in train or bus fare for *Miss Jones* to join them. To their victims, whose names they obtained from one of the larger clubs, they also sent photographs, made ten years earlier and heavily retouched, in which Mrs. Jones appeared neat and attractive. The couple reaped a tidy harvest before their arrest because they confined their frauds to fairly small amounts, which their victims preferred to lose rather than be embarrassed by complaining to the authorities. Other women still are practicing this racket without fear of seizure by moving regularly to new lodgings, under a new name, and starting all over again. Men pull the same stunt on wealthy spinsters. And occasionally a murder is traced to a meeting through a correspondence club.

But most cash customers of Cupid apparently get their money's worth, and who are we Americans, with the highest divorce rate in the world resulting from conventional courtships, to criticize? And if *you're* lonely, remember, Love Is Just Around the Corner — in your mailbox!

THE FABULOUS SASSOONS

BY ERNEST O. HAUSER

THIS is the bewildering thing about the name Sassoon: whenever it crops up in the news it carries different connotations. Sassoon may be mentioned in connection with airplanes today, art tomorrow, horses the day after. It makes headlines in relation to British Empire politics, sport, literature, or, most frequently, finance.

To be sure, it is not always the same Sassoon who covers this range of activities. In our day three Sassoon cousins have made headline news: Sir Philip, Britain's Undersecretary for Air, equally distinguished for his wealth, brains, cultured taste, and eccentricities; Siegfried, the fox-hunting poet, whose anti-war lyrics have made him famous as the "British Barbusse"; and Sir Victor, the white boss of Shanghai, one of the world's great financial wizards, whose limping figure is familiar in Bombay, the China ports, the swank clubs of London, and the exclusive hotels of Paris and New York. Sir Philip died some months ago, but the two others carry on — Siegfried in

England, Sir Victor in Shanghai or Hong Kong. The careers of all three deserve individual study as outstanding members of an outstanding family; but even more fascinating than the lives of individual Sassoons is the colorful tapestry of the whole great Sassoon clan — Rothschilds of the East.

The Sassoon pedigree goes back to King David, but not until the twelfth century did the family, under the name of Ibn Shoshan, step across the rim of a mythological past. They entered history first at Toledo, Spain, at the time of the Moorish rule. Toledo was one of Europe's great metropolitan centers, great in commerce and art, and the Ibn Shoshans are mentioned as leaders of the town's highly respected and progressive Jewish community. They kept this position until, in the fifteenth century, the Moors were driven from Spain and the Jews had to follow them into exile. The Ibn Shoshans landed in Bagdad, on their feet. Soon they were known as wealthy

Oriental traders, their name became Sassoon, and the head of the family was given the title "Nasi," making him chief of Mesopotamia's Jewish communities. The family was renowned over the Near East for its wealth, honesty, and financial skill. The last Nasi became the Ottoman Empire's state treasurer at Bagdad.

But disaster followed prosperity; the black plague struck the countries of the Levant. Hatred for the eternal scapegoat, the Jew, swept a desperate population, and the state treasurer's son, David Sassoon, left Bagdad for the safety of Bassora. This was in 1822; David was 30. He had been born in Bagdad, and learned the trade as an employee in a Bagdad bank. David was well equipped to begin a new chapter in the history of the Sassoon clan. With his inherited money he started a firm in Bushire, Persia. He was successful (like every Sassoon in the last seven centuries) and his reputation spread throughout India. In 1832, an important deal took him to Bombay. He liked the big ocean port, brought his family over from backward Bushire, and founded the firm of David Sassoon & Co.

These were the days of the great opium trade. The poppy fields of India and the Near East yielded a

golden harvest, and British ships carried the sweet-smelling product to China's distant ports. David Sassoon began with a rug factory and banking establishment, but he soon recognized the opportunities in opium. Personal honesty and deft maneuvering netted him the most valuable prize an Indian merchant could strive for — a monopoly of the opium trade. He grew rich and powerful. With his colorful turban, his long white beard, he was the picture of the patriarch. And, like the Biblical patriarch, he had twelve children — eight sons and four daughters. He sent the sons to English schools, then into the far corners of Asia to take charge of the branches of his firm, which policy laid the foundation for the Sassoon organization, just as it accounted for the rise of the Rothschilds in Europe.

II

David's sons were bright. There was Elias, the first Sassoon to go out to the China Seas. He went over as early as 1844, in the wake of the Opium War which had given British traders the right to dump into China all the opium India and the Near East could grow. Selling the drug to 400,000,000 customers, Elias was spectacularly successful.

He returned to India, assisted his father for a time, and avoided a crisis in the firm by holding out against turning it into a joint-stock company. Then he bailed out and founded his own business, E. D. Sassoon. The new firm had offices in Shanghai and Hong Kong and complemented the parent firm with a startlingly clever device: an opium monopoly on the other end. Just as David had persuaded British officials and turban-crowned Hindus to entrust him with the monopoly in India, so his son Elias persuaded the mandarins to give him the rights in China. He shared his prize with six other firms who comprised the Opium Combine. For decades, China intoxicated herself on Sassoons' "certified" opium.

David Jr. was sent to Bagdad to study the Talmud and the Bible. Thus prepared, he went to Shanghai to take charge of his father's branch office there, in friendly co-operation with Elias' new firm. Shanghai had become the most important port along two thousand miles of China coast, outdistancing Canton and Hong Kong. But for all its glamour, Shanghai was a dirty place to live. David Jr. left the office to his lieutenants and went to England. There he spent the rest of his life, a prominent but sedate merchant-gentleman.

Father David remained head of his firm as long as he lived. The first Sassoon to be a British citizen, he never bothered to learn English, though he was master of most Oriental tongues. His wealth was immense; his Bombay mansion a palace. He balanced the dubious ethics of the opium trade by a reputation as a liberal giver to asylums, schools, and hospitals. When he died, in 1864, the house of Sassoon was a power in India.

Albert Abdullah Sassoon, his eldest son, took over. He enlarged the parental business, went heavily into the textile industry; he constructed the Sassoon Dock, the first floating dock east of Suez. Albert Abdullah founded scholarships, endowed foundations, worked his way into Bombay's Legislative Council. He was bearded, too; in his solemn Western-style coat he embodied the transition from the Biblical patriarch to the smooth gentleman of the expiring century. When Albert Abdullah went to England he received the freedom of the City of London. Later, in 1890, after he had made his home in the British Isles, he was knighted by Queen Victoria — the last Sassoon to be born in Bagdad; the first to be a baronet. He was a lavish host. Once he rented the whole Empire Theater in Lon-

don for the sole purpose of entertaining the Shah of Persia.

His younger brother Solomon carried on in Bombay, and produced millions in profits almost automatically. Solomon was head of David Sassoon & Co., conducted the family's banking business, was chairman of the Sassoon Spinning and Weaving Company, the Sassoon Silk Company, the Oriental Life Insurance Company. He was equally respected by the British and the native communities. When he was appointed trustee of the port, and even director of the Bank of Bombay, no one was surprised.

In England, the metamorphosis of the clan was completed; the Sassoons became an integral part of the smart set. They were aristocrats, and their Oriental background seemed to make them living symbols of the Empire. They no longer wore turbans, but top-hats of grey silk; no longer spoke Arabic jargons, but cultured Oxford English; no longer wore beards, but monocles; no longer were Abdullahs, but Edwards, Philips, Victors.

Sir Edward Sassoon, the second baronet (Albert Abdullah's son, born in Bombay in 1856) married Baron Gustave de Rothschild's daughter. He resided in London and became a major in the Duke of

Cambridge's Hussars Yeomanry; his daughter Sybil married the fifth Marquis of Cholmondeley; King Edward VII considered him a friend; and the burghers of Hythe sent him into the House of Commons. In the midst of social and public obligations, Sir Edward found time to publish a booklet which blended his descent with his career: its title was *Finance and the Feudatory States of India*.

III

So we come to the last generation of Sassoons. Sir Edward's son inherited the Parliament seat and the title, thus becoming the first Jew ever to hold a baronetcy in the third generation. With his combined Sassoon and Rothschild fortune — his personal account, apart from the vast Sassoon holdings in Asia, was estimated at \$20,000,000 in 1920 — Sir Philip Albert Gustave David Sassoon was well equipped to indulge his cultured, extravagant pleasures. His country estates were acres of fragrant flowers; his city home on Park Lane, Mayfair, was stocked with art treasures. He was a close friend of the present Duke of Windsor, played polo with Alfonso of Spain, was one of the finest skaters ever to go to St. Moritz, and be-

longed to London's most expensive and exclusive clubs.

But Sir Philip was more than a polo-playing millionaire. He started his political career at 23, as Britain's youngest M.P. During the first World War, he became secretary to Sir Douglas Haig, commander-in-chief of the British forces in France. Later he was attached to Lloyd George, who liked to hold important conferences at Sir Philip's stately home in Kent. As Undersecretary for Air, he paid a flying visit to the Empire's outposts in the Far East, examining air bases in some of the cities that had been chosen by his ancestors a century ago as banking and trade posts.

Sir Philip, however, was not altogether satisfied with the aviation job which he held, with one interruption, from 1924 till 1937. He was, in the long run, more interested in etchings and architecture, and thoroughly enjoyed his activities as trustee of the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, and the Wallace Collection. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain recognized his secret longing and relieved him of the aviation burden, making him First Commissioner of Works. Among other things he was required to look after the Royal palaces and gardens, and

much was expected from him in this capacity. But Sir Philip died, aged 50, in June 1939, leaving two distant cousins to carry on the Sassoon tradition.

Siegfried Sassoon likes to refer to himself as the "poor Sassoon." His trenchmates in the first World War had another name for him — "Mad Jack." There seemed to be no limit to his foolhardy exploits and, apparently, to his good luck. But when he tried, in 1917, to storm a German position in the Hindenburg Line, he was shot through the throat. This shot ended his patriotic enthusiasm. Thereafter he blasted away, in his trenchant poems, at those who made the war, at those who, in his opinion, wilfully prolonged it. The High Command was much embarrassed. Siegfried had been too valiant to be courtmartialed. When he threw his military cross into the ocean, he was declared temporarily insane and sent to Palestine, to an easy job. He finally agreed to go back into the trenches, where he was shot again, this time through the head. He survived.

Much of Siegfried Sassoon's art is devoted to a sarcastic condemnation of the folly of war —

You sunny-faced crowds with kindling
eye
Who cheer when soldier lads march by

Sneak home and pray you'll never
know
The hell where youth and laughter go.

In 1933 Siegfried married the daughter of Sir Simon Herbert Gatty; he has one son. Altogether he has published nine books, the last being the first volume of his autobiography. Siegfried, incidentally, is the Sassoon who exclaimed, on New York's Fifth Avenue, "Gee, what a peach of a climate," but added, with the dignity of an English country squire, "pardon slang."

Sir Ellice Victor Sassoon inherited the Bombay firm with its complex network of affiliated enterprises, banks, mills, insurance concerns, and reputation. He was known throughout the Empire as one of the financial wizards of the age. His quick, aggressive mind was apt to produce surprises at any time. One day in the summer of 1931 he gave the world the biggest surprise that could possibly come from a member of the Sassoon clan. He called the editor of the *Times of India* into his office to tell him that he was going to transfer the Sassoon holdings to China.

This bit of news was displayed on the front pages of both the commercial and the sports sections of English, American, French, and Italian newspapers. What was going

to happen to the Sassoon millions; what to the Sassoon horses — Sir Victor's thoroughbreds had made as much history as his financial transactions. As for his millions, Sir Victor was known to be open-handed. Once, when the Viceroy's wife mentioned her plans for a sanitarium in Sanavar, he sent her a check for 100,000 rupees. During the war he served in the Royal Air Force. He had a bad crackup which gave him his limp.

Now, at the height of his career, Sir Victor told the world he was leaving India. It was as if the Taj Mahal itself were walking off. What was the reason for this drastic step? Sir Victor's enemies said it was to dodge British taxation. Sir Victor himself was tight-lipped: "Unsettled conditions resulting from the Indian nationalist campaign" caused his decision. "The political situation does not encourage one to launch out in a big way," he added. In China, he hoped to do business "on a large scale."

No one knows just how much money Sir Victor carried in his pocket when he landed in Shanghai. Some said 85,000,000 Mex; others said 300,000,000. Whatever the amount, he made use of it in the most ingenious fashion. He bought everything that could be had for money. He bought real estate,

conceiving the idea of a new skyline, of a Shanghai reaching up into the clouds. He organized the Cathay Land Company, the Cathay Hotel Company. He took over the vast holdings of Silas Aaron Hardoon, the richest man before him. He bought Arnhold & Co., with its extensive contracting interests. He controlled the Yangtze Finance Company and the International Investment Trust. Sir Victor's companies were incorporated in British Hong Kong but his tremendous store of ready cash was in Shanghai. He sowed his dollars all over the muddy soil of the metropolis, and all he had to do was haul in the harvest. He couldn't go wrong. Even the Shanghai war of 1932 could not harm him; he had too much money.

What the old Shanghai hands — the *taipans* — thought of Sir Victor and his activities is a delicate question. Socially speaking, he was not altogether pukka, not only because of his Jewish blood, but because of the possibility of his having dodged British taxation by clearing out of India. Apart from that, however, there was a gap between Sir Victor and the *taipans* which was hard to overcome: he had not grown up with all the traditions, prejudices, and fears that made up the Shanghai mind. Of course, you could not

ignore him. You saw him, so to speak, from afar, before your ship dropped anchor at Shanghai. The pointed black tower of the Sassoon House, which he had built and where he lived, was the main accent on Shanghai's famous Bund. But not only in steel and concrete did Sir Victor cut a figure; his parties were the talk of the town. He gave them at his villa Eve, one great formal affair every winter and an occasional fancy dress ball. Those who were not invited said that some of the costumes were shockingly indiscreet. Sir Victor is not married. He was 50 the year he came to Shanghai. His predilection for young, attractive women has caused much gossip.

One thing that reconciled some of the die-hards was the fact that Sir Victor had style. His regal whims were something no Englishman could derogate. He had indulged them in India, but in Shanghai his eccentricity assumed gigantic proportions. Once he flew 30,000 miles to see the annual speed races at Indianapolis. During the depression of the early thirties he was the only man in Shanghai who had money and the *taipans* came to his office trying to interest him in their ideas. Sir Victor always listened, but in most cases the ideas were not big enough. Some-

one brought him a scheme for importing American machinery to manufacture leather shoes (five thousand pairs of men's leather shoes were made by hand in Shanghai every day). Sir Victor thought it over. The idea was sound, he said, but it would interest him only if he could have his own cowherds for the leather, his own tanneries, his own factories for the manufacture of the shoes, and his own stores to sell them!

Style was not Sir Victor's only virtue; he was tactful as well. That he, a newcomer, practically owned Shanghai, did not induce him to mingle in city politics, at least not openly. That he managed to dominate the city government indirectly could not cause rebellion on the part of the conservatives. The International Settlement, the unique republic in which was concentrated most of China's wealth, where 50,000 foreigners lived among 1,000,000 Chinese, was ruled by an international body, the Municipal Council. Sir Victor's lieutenant, H. E. Arnhold, whose firm had been taken over by the Sassoon interests, officiated as

Chairman of the Council for a number of years. Sir Victor was the white boss of Shanghai.

Here ends the story of the fabulous Sassoons. Toledo patricians, state treasurers of the Ottoman Empire, royal merchants in India, friends of British kings, white rulers of Shanghai — the might of the Sassoons has spanned two continents, reached from the pillars of Hercules across Arabian deserts and the Indian Sea to the teeming ports of China. Through the better part of the last millennium, good brains and good luck have helped members of the dynasty to gain their ends, and temporary setbacks have only kicked them upstairs.

What does the future hold for the Sassoons? Siegfried has another opportunity to decry the horrors of war. Sir Victor may see fit to shift his fortunes for a second time — they might not be safe in Shanghai's precarious International Settlement. Perhaps his flight from British India was a mistake — but during the last thousand years a Sassoon has never been known to be wrong.



ARCHIE TH' ODDLIN'

A Story

BY JESSE STUART

PA stopped th' mule in his row o' corn. He looked hard at me. I put th' poplar leaf and th' charcoal in my pocket. I was drawin' th' picture o' an old dead snag in th' corn field with a rain crow settin' on top it.

"You're an oddlin'," says Pa, "if ever I seed one in my life. All my boys are good to work but you. All my people and your Ma's people are good to work. Bring you out to work and all you do is set around and draw pictures. You're runnin' me crazy, Archie. I wonder if you've got good mind. You just don't take attar your old Pappie Sam Ash and his blood."

I started diggin' th' crabgrass from around th' ground roots o' th' corn. I started levelin' down th' furrows th' bull-tongue had made. Lord but it was hot among th' corn. Just seemed like I couldn't get my breath. I just wanted to lay in th' shade and draw. When I saw something I wanted to draw on a poplar leaf I didn't mind th' sun. I'd

draw pictures when Pa sent me out to get th' cows. I'd draw pictures when he sent me out to cut stove-wood. Pa just never bothered to send me to town. He wouldn't let me leave th' place. I just wanted to put all th' pictures I saw on paper. I tell you I saw pictures every place. I saw them in th' terbacker barns, th' houses and th' well sweeps, th' mule teams and th' wagons and th' trees, hawks, buzzards, crows, rain-crows, and all sorts o' birds and th' turtles, terrapins, and snakes. I saw 'em in th' faces of people. W'y I could a-used a hundred tablets in two weeks.

Pa took me out'n school because I just looked at th' purty pictures in th' books and th' purty faces in th' school. Th' teacher tried to make me look at 'im. He jerked me up front and used a honey-locust on me and told me to go home. Said he couldn't do anything with me. I got a ugly picture o' 'im because he was so ugly. He chewed

terbacker like Pa and spit ambear in th' stove. Th' pertiest picture I got out'n th' whole school was June Morton. She liked me too, when she saw th' purty picture I made o' 'er out'n poke-berries. Had it on a clean white piece of paper. She had long curly brown hair and purty blue eyes.

One day atter I left school, I went up to see June. Old Ison Grizzle was up there too. He was a big-bull o' a fellar that looked a little like Pa. I didn't like 'im. Said he'd drapped from t'other side o' th' hill to play with June's brothers, Click and Alonzo. I could tell he never took his eyes off'n June. He was there to see 'er. But June didn't like 'im. She'd come around me and say: "Done any more pictures, Archie?" I'd say: "Not many." I'd make out like I didn't want to show 'em. I was just a-dyin' to show 'em to June. June would walk a piece o' th' way down th' holler with me when I'd start home.

Ma kept lookin' at th' pictures I made o' Pa with th' mules and plows. Then Ma'd go and get our old tintype family album and look at Pa's picture in there when she married Pa. Pa was there a-settin' in a chear. Ma was standin' back o' 'im with 'er hands on th' chear. Pa had on a big bow

tie and a white shirt. He was all dyked-up. That was th' only picture Pa ever had made o' 'im and Ma. And one day Ma said: "Archie if my mind ain't afailin' me I think that picture you've made o' your Pap with th' mules is better than th' album. I'm goin' to have that good 'n on th' wall."

Ma hung th' picture on th' wall. Pa come in from work and saw it. "I'll tear th' damned thing down," says Pa, "s' what I'll do. I'd like to know who put that up there."

Ma come runnin' out'n th' kitchen with th' kitchen-stove poker in 'er hand. Ma was red in th' face and th' sweat was just a-pourin'. "Archie is th' oddlin' in this family," says Ma, "and I aim to pertect 'im. We've had enough o' this around here. I guess I'm crazy, too, but I think it's a good picture. I picked it from among twenty-five pictures he's done o' you."

"I'll tear th' damned thing to pieces," Pa says.

"Not while I live in this house," says Ma, "fer I aim to keep it to my dyin' day. I aim to have 'im to make one o' me and you both in our old days. He can beat th' only picture we have o' ourselves in th' album."

Pa whiffed off'n to th' back-room and lit his pipe. He set down in a rockin' chear and looked out'n

th' winder at th' cornfield. He whiffed smoke from his long-stemmed pipe. He wouldn't look at none o' us. He wouldn't speak. His eyes sparked fire like that which flies from a black cat's wool atter dark.

II

Pretty soon Pa got up and went over to Eif Morton's. June told me th' next day what he said. She heard 'im talkin' to her Pappie, Eif. June listened to 'em through th' keyhole. They's talkin' in th' back-room o' her house. "Th' best thing you can do, Eif," Pa told June's Pappie, "is to hep me break it up. He's my boy. I'm tellin' you th' truth. Th' boy is a oddlin'. He's got me worried. He's plagued me to death. Everybody in this country knows about 'im now. W'y they call 'im a walkin' camera. He won't work, Eif. He didn't do no good in school. Seymore told me he'd ruther haf a hundred children in school as to have my boy, Archie. I don't want 'im to marry and spread th' seed o' th' Ashes anymore than you want your gal to marry 'im." June said her Pappie says: "I'll do my best to stop it. Don't let nary one o' 'em know we're tryin' to stop it 'r they'll be meetin' some-

place in th' holler. I'll let Isom Grizzle come to see June. He's a good boy to work. He has some sense."

June would come down th' holler and whistle. I'd meet 'er. We'd meet in th' woods and talk. I'd take my crayons and get 'er picture. I put June's rose-colored cheeks into th' picture and 'er milk-white neck. I give th' purty blue color to 'er eyes. Lord but she was purty. That's w'y I could make such purty pictures o' 'er. I'd love 'er and I'd kiss 'er. She would love me too. We loved one another. Her Pappie and my Pa wouldn't break it up neither. June said they couldn't. Said she'd see Isom Grizzle on Sundays because her Pappie made 'er. Said she'd meet me every day in th' week in th' woods. Said she'd walk down th' holler every Sunday past our house with Isom to hide all suspicy. I said that would be fine. I didn't know when I agreed that it would hurt me so.

I was walkin' up th' holler one day. Pert Jenkins come along. He was about half-drunk — settin' up in th' saddle weavin' from side th' road to th' other. He rid up and stopped his mule and says to me: "Shay, ain't you old Sam Ash's boy, Archie? That no good boy that draws pictures?"

"Yep," I says, "I'm Sam Ash's boy. What about it?"

"Take my picture," he says. "If it's good, I got a dollar bill here fer you, boy. I've made a 'run' and sold it. I got th' dough. Boy, if you're good enough, I'll want you to take a picture o' me with my wife with a bottle in my hand. Corn turned out good this year. Seventy-five gallons to th' acre and everybody's thirsty."

"I'm on," I says. "Set still on that mule."

He set up stiff as a board on th' mule. I yanked out my paper and my crayons. I done my best. Don't guess I's over thirty minutes doin' it. I put old Pert on paper. Then I reach 'im up th' paper. His eyes looked like they's half shet. He looked at hisself on th' paper and he looked at me. Then he looked at th' trees back o' 'im and down at th' mules ears and his flanks and at th' horn on his cowboy saddle.

"You got us, Archie," he says. "I'm drunk, but I'll say you ain't crazy as your Pap thinks. You're th' only one in th' Ash family that's got any sense. Your brains air in your fingers. Better picture than a camera could take."

Pert reached in his pocket. He pulled out a green bill. It was wadded up when he reach it to me. I unfolded th' first money I ever

made in my life fer a picture. It was a five dollar bill.

"This ain't a one dollar bill," I says, "it's a five dollar bill."

"Shore is," says Pert. "I want you to have it."

Pert spurred th' mule. He went down th' holler in a lope with th' picture in one hand and th' reins in th' other. I thought, I's dreamin'. Seemed like I was asleep but I was out'n breath. Couldn't be sleepin' and dreamin' and runnin' and wipin' sweat as I took back up th' holler fer home. I run in th' house. I says: "Look Ma, what I got!"

"You ain't sold my chickens," says Ma, "n'r my turkeys n'r a sucklin' calf?"

"Lord no," I says. "I got it fer drawin' Pert Jenkins on his mule. Was drunk as a Lord but I got 's picture." I took out'n th' house hard as I could go. I was burnin' th' wind fast as my legs would carry me. Right up th' crick to June's house. I run right in. I was out o' breath but I had th' five dollar bill in my hand.

"Look, June!" I says. "Honey, I made it fer drawin' a picture."

June grabbed me right in fron' 'er Ma and Pappie around th' dinner table. She kissed me. I kissed 'er back. I took right out'n th' house. June's Pappie come to th' door. He was atter me as I was

goin' through th' gate. I heard 'im say: "Just like what 's Pap, Sam Ash said, 'He's off!'"

When I got to th' house I saw plates comin' out th' doors and winders. Plates full o' grub. Pa was mad and throwin' th' dishes out'n th' house. Ma'd got all twenty-five pictures out from under my bed upstairs and had tacked 'em on th' walls. She got th' pictures I'd made o' Pa.

Pa started rippin' th' pictures off'n th' wall and throwin' 'em out in th' yard. Ma grabbed th' poker and run over by th' one she liked and hung on th' wall first.

"Tear 'em all up but this one," says Ma, "but not this one. Archie's got more sense than you give 'im credit fur. He'll leave these hills some day. You'll be sorry too. He made a picture and sold it fur five dollars this mornin'. He'll make more money'n all o' you put together."

III

It was th' next day that Pert Jenkins driv up home. He brought his wife and nine youngins in th' express. He says: "I'm bringin' th' family over. I want all their pictures. A dollar a-piece. I want mine and Cora's made together. I'll give you five fer that'n. To make a

good'n o' th' mule I'll give you a dollar. That'll make fifteen dollars. I got a lot o' work fer you. When I showed my picture on th' mule to th' boys they all comin' to have their pictures made. I'm beatin' 'em here."

I was glad Pa was standin' by. Pa says: "How do you like his pictures, Pert?"

"Best I ever seen," says Pert. "His pencil's got eyes in th' end o' it and his brains are in his fingers."

"Just walk in th' room," says Pa, "and see that picture he's done o' me."

Pa and Pert went in th' house while I got my crayons ready.

I went through th' pictures o' Pert's children like nobody's business. When it comes to a picture I can get it. I got Pert and his wife together. Pa looked sad when he saw th' purty picture I'd done. Pa took it and looked at it.

"It's nat'r'l, Pert," says Pa, "o' you and Cora as th' sun in th' sky and th' trees on th' hill. Sall and me's goin' to have one made soon as I can get time out'n th' work."

"Hurry soon," says Pert, "for all th' moonshiners on Little Sandy are comin' to have their pictures made."

Pa's eyes got big as hen eggs

when he saw me get \$15 fer three hours work. Edd, Cy, Tim and Alf looked funny at me. Ma stood and looked at Pert and Cora when they got back in th' wagon with their nine youngins and driv away.

I'm tellin' you I never had so much work to do. All Pert's friends come over like he said. I couldn't even get a minute off to meet June in th' woods. I took th' pictures o' cows th' people had to sell fer money, they wouldn't get to see again. I took th' pictures of fatten hogs th' boys had fattened to sell, they wouldn't see again. I took babies' pictures, men, women, children. Th' whole country it 'peared like come to me. I was busy in my smokehouse from daylight 'til dark.

I got \$265 under th' draw-skin. I was goin' to make \$500 and marry June. I could make a livin' fer us. Isom Grizzle could go to hell fer my part. I'd take th' ugly pictures I'd made o' 'im if he fooled with me and tack 'im up along th' road. I'd fight 'im with my crayons instead o' a hoe, scythe, 'r ax.

I was workin' in th' smokehouse when I heard a noise. It sounded like a automobile. I run out and shore enough it was. We all run out fer it was th' first car that had ever come to our house. A big man with a white shirt and blue tie and a

gray coat on was wipin' sweat and smokin' a cigar.

"Does Archie Ash live here?" says th' fellar. Spoke kinda funny. Not like our people.

"Right here's Archie," says Pa, pointin' to me. "I'm Archie's Pap. Here's 's Ma and here's th' rest."

"Shore, I'm Archie," I says.

"Is that the boy who makes th' pictures?" he says.

"Shore am," I says.

"That's why I'm here," he says. "I got work for you. Plenty of it. I want to take you beyond your hills."

"What'd I say, Sam," says Ma. "I told you Archie'd go beyond these hills!"

"You got to show me you can do th' work," he says.

"Get out'n th' car," I says, "and I'll show you."

While he got out I run to th' smokehouse and got my crayons. I got my charcoal and lead pencil.

"Stand where you are," I says.

I made his picture and reach it to him.

"Heavens on earth," he says. "Got any better clothes? Got any shoes for your feet?"

"Ain't got any better clothes," I says, "n'r shoes at all. I ain't had time to think about 'em. I got th' money here to buy 'em that I got fer pictures."

I just jerked the draw-string wide open and showed th' man.

"That's chicken-feed," he says, "to what you'll get."

I says, "I'll show you some more my pictures."

I showed 'im th' barrel o' snakes, lizards, butterflies, houses, hogpens, and broodsows. I showed 'im th' snakes in love, snakes in dog-days, and th' prize picture o' my copperhead. I showed 'im old houses and barns until he got tired o' lookin'. Then I showed 'im th' pictures I'd made o' June Morton.

"She's great," he says.

I hauled out th' pictures I had o' Isom Grizzle.

"Here's th' man tryin' to get 'er," I says. "This ugly thing!"

"Whew," he says and waved his hand and shoved th' picture away.

"Get 'er and let's be goin'," he says.

"Wait," says Pa, "old Archie's got to get a picture o' me and his Ma before he leaves th' hills ferever." Pa's hands were tremblin' and tears come to 's eyes.

"Set in a chear," I says to Pa. "Ma you put your hands on th' chear just like th' old picture in th' album taken when you's young."

I got my crayons. I went to work. I wanted a good sketch. I would take it away, make it better and send it back to Pa.

"Alf, come here," I says. "Will you go get June? Tell her to bring 'er duds fer we're leavin' th' holler."

When June come runnin' to th' house I had th' sketch done.

Atter I finished th' picture I says to Mr. Schlitz: "One thing before we go I'd like to do. I want to draw a picture o' th' purtiest girl in th' world with my toes. I'll shut my eyes and do it!"

We went to th' barn. I laid down on my back. I put th' crayon between my toes. I shet my eyes. I held my hands over 'em. I made a picture o' June on th' barn. I wasn't long about doin' it. I was in a hurry to get away fer th' first time in my life to see what was beyond th' hills.

"Beats anything I ever saw," says Mr. Schlitz. "We want you for an illustrator."

"What's that," I says.

"Draw pictures for books and magazines."

"Lord," says I.

I waved good-bye. June waved good-bye. She was 19. I was 20. She was so purty. She laughed and laughed and I did, too. Ma laughed but tears stood in 'er eyes. Pa runs to th' barn to talk to th' mules. We moved slowly down th' holler. I took th' ugly pictures o' Isom Grizzle to tack on th' trees.

► *From the inside of Amtorg, Soviet trading center for the USA, comes this picture of*

UTOPIA ON FIFTH AVENUE

ANONYMOUS

NEW YORK CITY consists of five boroughs and the Soviet of Amtorg, on Fifth Avenue. The name Amtorg is derived from the telescoping of the first syllables of the Russian words for American Trade. Officially, Amtorg is the trading agency of the government of the USSR. Geographically, it is a communist island in the surrounding capitalist ocean. Employment in the organization is as edifying as a trip to the Soviet Union. The prolongation of such employment over many years — as in the case of the writer — is almost the equivalent of becoming acclimatized to Soviet conditions. On a miniature scale Amtorg provides all the virtues and vices, the jitters and the joys, of Soviet society — bureaucracy, chauvinism, inefficiency, peasant-like naïveté, and pervasive fear.

Amtorg is peopled, broadly, by two groups of nationals: Soviet citizens and Americans. A pyramidal caste system prevails within each group. The Russians regard their American co-workers about as

British colonial officials regard natives of India. No American employees, for example, can use the ping-pong table in the club room until the Russians have finished with it. The disparity in salaries between the highest (Russian) category and the lowest (American) is as much as 10 to 1. While the small fry pay an average of about \$5 a week for lodging, the big shots live on Park Avenue. Fraternization between the two groups is frowned upon, though a limited amount of social life is tolerated between the upper American officeholders and the lowest stratum of the Russian hierarchy.

Extreme care, bordering on clairvoyance, is exercised in selecting American "help." The applicant must be pro-communist, but not actually a communist. It's all figured out dialectically; he must not be a communist in order to avert difficulties with the American authorities, but he must not be anti-Soviet. Similarly he must not be Russian — for every Russian is either pro- or anti-Bolshevik. If

anti, he is, of course, undesirable; and, if pro, he is probably a communist and also undesirable. Still, he must know Russian. Consequently, *how* — and not *how well* — he knows things, determines the applicant's fitness.

The metaphysicians in charge of Amtorg personnel have additional problems. Every shift of the party line and every change in Soviet foreign policy provides more. Thus, when the purges began in Moscow, every Amtorg employee whose sympathy for Soviet rule went far back was immediately suspected of Trotskyism. With the recent abandonment of collective security anyone who had ever lived in England or in France became suspect.

Occasionally anti-communist restrictions are relaxed and sinecures — which seldom pay more than \$150 a month — are given as rewards to deserving, hardworking comrades. For years the secretary to the head of the Fish Department was a former theoretician of the American communist movement. The cinema critic of the *New Masses* served, until recently, as errand boy. For six days a week he did his chores at Amtorg; on the seventh he delivered himself of diatribes against Hollywood decadence and panegyrics for the the-

matic and esthetic superiority of Soviet films. Little tasks are also given from time to time to the dean of American proletarian letters. One of his latest assignments was the compilation of a catalog for the International Fur Auction at Leningrad.

But in general the communist boys are not welcome at Amtorg. Whenever a revolutionary from Union Square innocently wanders into the heavily carpeted Amtorg offices, he is either cold shouldered or booted out. The *Daily Worker*, *Freiheit*, and *New Masses* are strictly taboo on the premises and an indiscreet use of the word "comrade" is enough to throw the entire place into consternation. Even Stalin is referred to as *Mr. Stalin*.

No employee of Amtorg is permitted to attend communist demonstrations or meetings, nor is he allowed openly to consort with known American communists. Soviet officials view American communist leaders as mercenaries or crackpots. With the exception of the Corliss Lamonts and other respectable sympathizers, the Stalinist votaries are seldom invited to embassy or consular functions. As one official's wife put it, "The American comrades may be all right politically, but socially they are awful bores."

There are no labor troubles at Amtorg. In true totalitarian fashion no employee is permitted to belong to a trade union — not even the communist-controlled UOPWA. Amtorg workers are compelled to join a company union, the Amsov Employees Association. What is done with the dues collected is a mystery to most of its members — at its peak in the early 1930s there were 800 employees; today there are less than 100 — but there are meetings every six months which all American employees must attend. At these, the office manager, a Soviet official, delivers a “report” voicing the grievances of the administration: tardiness, waste of supplies, use of telephone for personal calls, and the like. Then the floor is thrown open for discussion. Speaker after speaker rises to profess his loyalty to the organization and to relate how hard and late he works, calling on his co-workers to emulate him. After this soul-searching, refreshments are served and dues collected. If there are any former CIO organizers among members, they munch their sandwiches in silence. No pretense is made at collective bargaining. The Amsov Employees Association cannot even boast of a grievance committee. But members do receive an occa-

sional free showing of a Soviet film and the semi-annual refreshments.

The home touch for the Soviet employees is given by a wall newspaper — in Russian — draped in red flags and decorated with a picture of Stalin. No Americans are permitted to contribute. It usually features reports on competitions between heads of departments for increase of labor productivity — in an office! — and reduction of labor costs. Occasionally it carries an attack on Soviet employees who frequent burlesque shows; for of all forms of entertainment, the Minsky playhouses are the most popular with the Soviet citizenry, perhaps because knowledge of English is unnecessary for their enjoyment, perhaps they provide an opportunity to study bourgeois depravity.

II

Though tens of thousands of dollars are wasted annually because of inefficiency high-up and the purchase of obsolete or defective equipment, Amtorg officials devote most of their effort to economizing on payrolls. As soon as first reports appeared in the Soviet press about the “deepening crisis of American capitalism,” the socialist state took advantage of the “objective con-

ditions." If it could not get better terms on machinery orders, it could at least make wage cuts at Amtorg. With the exception of a favored few, salaries of American employees are now from 35 to 40 per cent below 1929 levels and every department is critically understaffed. During NRA, the administration had to resort to considerable juggling to give the appearance of compliance.

Over and above their daily office stints, the Amsov Association requires from members a certain amount of "union activity" in free hours. This includes shopping with their Russian bosses at department stores and escorting the wives of officials to beauty parlors. It is a common experience for an interpreter, for example, to spend a night driving a group of Russian engineers to, say, Washington, interpret for them during the day and in the evening accompany them to the movies in order to translate the dialogue.

Extra-personnel employees also include the so-called teachers of English, a hand-picked crew usually vouched for by close sympathizers. After a careful scrutiny of his political passport, each applicant is asked, "What brand of English do you speak?" If nonplussed by the query, the interviewer explains that

the Russians do not want "American English" but "British English." Many of these English teachers are recent immigrants themselves, former classmates of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N. You can always tell the Soviet employee who is studying English. He refers to his office as "Hamtorg."

Amtorg would not be a true Soviet institution if it did not have periodic purges. An unsigned card to an executive charging that one of the Americans was in the company of an anti-Stalinist, ate in a White Russian restaurant, or was once married to someone who has since turned Trotskyite is sufficient to have the most conscientious worker discharged without investigation. Work is continually disrupted by new edicts from Moscow ordering mass-firings of employees born in former provinces of Imperial Russia, or those who had visited the Soviet Union — this on the theory that they may know too much — or persons who may have surnames similar to those of convicted "diversionists." One employee, after eight years service, was fired because he was seen whispering with an American businessman. The Soviet official who brought the charges against him did not know a word of English!

In this climate of intrigue and

suspicion, the American employees at Amtorg vie with one another in bootlicking. Sycophancy has assumed such proportions that one Soviet official protested to his chief that he did not wish to be harangued about the wonders of the Soviet Union by his American secretary, who had never been there.

The Russian press is filled with wild concoctions about life in America. Not only are American "workers and peasants" starving, but the capitalists must demolish their skyscrapers because of inability to meet assessments; Benny Goodman fans lined up in front of a Broadway theatre show the dearth of entertainment in New York, if not the actual breakdown of our economic system. Educated on such stories, the Soviet functionary dispatched to the United States brings weird notions of American life and customs. He is singularly unprepared to understand the country, let alone its business people. To many officials born and raised under Soviet rule, capitalists are sinister figures, akin to bogeymen. A story is told of a Soviet official who, upon arrival at Amtorg, asked to be taken to its "closed shop."

"We have no closed shop," he was told.

"But I need a pass to buy a new suit," he demanded.

"You don't have to have a pass, comrade," they explained to him. "You may go to any store and buy any suit you wish."

He was crestfallen. "Is there no *system* in this country at all?"

Recently imported Amtorgers have been of a new vintage. They are not averse to traveling in scab taxis during strikes or placing orders with firms which are on union blacklists—rationalizing that the end justifies the meanness. During their sojourn in this country, these Russians are under the constant surveillance of the GPU, are quartered and fed in approved places, and permitted to associate only with the "right people." This quarantine extends to their reading matter. For years, a special daily newspaper, *Novy Mir*, was published almost exclusively for their benefit. This was virtually a literal translation of the *Daily Worker*—Harry Gannes, Mike Gold, the Health Column, and all.

III

Painstaking efforts are also made to insulate Soviet employees from contact with their Americanized compatriots. Yet an occasional black sheep strays from the fold.

There was the memorable case of a Georgian comrade who was sent here with a Tropical Fruit Commission. Wandering aimlessly through Broadway one evening he was enticed by a capitalistic vixen and robbed of his papers and several hundred dollars. The papers were ultimately recovered by the bourgeois police, but attempts to squelch the story in the bourgeois press proved unsuccessful. To preclude recurrence of such scandals, sub-rosa romances are encouraged between Soviet employees and class-conscious stenographers.

Not moral but political turpitude, however, constitutes the most grievous problem of the jobocracy. Some Soviet officials, subjected to a life under a decadent capitalist system, get so used to it that they refuse to return to the Worker's Paradise. When Comrade Delgass, Amtorg's vice-president in charge of the Oil Department, was summoned to Moscow, he rented an office in New York and set himself up as a consultant on Soviet trade. Ultimately, he was tried by a Moscow court and sentenced to death *in absentia*.

In a few weeks, Comrade Delgass was joined by several of his Amtorg colleagues. No one was madder at their apostasy than Comrade Ruthenberg, Amtorg's

first vice-president in charge of the Export Department. As a point of honor, he felt it incumbent upon himself to cable Moscow and volunteer to return. His ardent request was quickly granted. A farewell dinner was tendered him at the Waldorf. The Board of Directors voted him a fine bonus, and the entire Soviet colony turned out to see him off on the *Bremen*. Comrade Ruthenberg had never seemed happier than he did as he waved goodbye from the deck. But at Cherbourg, he trans-shipped and sailed for Palestine!

After that, more restrictions were imposed. Only the staunchest of the faithful were permitted to come from Russia, and even they had to leave close relatives in Russia as hostages. The GPU personnel was increased and everybody watched everyone else, while being watched himself. Luncheons with American businessmen were bluntly declined and no greater calamity could befall a Soviet employee than to receive a carton of cigarettes as a Christmas gift from some American firm. Even the highest functionaries were careful not to seem too courteous to their American associates.

The most prevalent occupational disease at Amtorg — next to inefficiency — is spyphobia. All Soviet

officials have a paranoiac fear of becoming ensnared by capitalist agents. An innocent inquiry from a New York newspaper about the spelling of Molotov's first name will be referred to the chairman of the Board of Directors; no underling will assume the responsibility of talking to a bourgeois reporter and least of all be guilty of giving any information, no matter how trivial, to the capitalist press. The bravest is scared of getting caught with his polemics down. Consequently, everything is regarded as a state secret, including Stalin's age. Once the entire staff was thrown into a dither when two Dominican nuns, soliciting funds in the building, inadvertently wandered into the Amtorg offices. Everyone was sure it was a "provocation."

A similar "provocation" caused the loss of a large order to a Michigan automobile company. The sales manager of the firm entertained a group of Soviet buyers at a Detroit hotel. Making reservations for dinner, he tipped off the headwaiter that his guests were important Russian government officials and asked for appropriate music. "Leave it to us," the headwaiter assured him. That night, as the party seated itself, the orchestra struck up the Czarist anthem!

There is probably no other business organization in New York where more frantic stress is laid on efficiency. It is a fetish and obsession with officials, and is constantly being pounded into the heads of the employees. There are efficiency campaigns, efficiency weeks, efficiency meetings — everything, in fact, but efficiency. Every few months, a new "expert" arrives from Moscow. Immediately new rules are instituted to curb tardiness, cut down telephone calls, lower consumption of electricity, reduce postage expenses, cut waste of carbon paper. This effects a saving of a few hundred dollars in labor and office supplies — and while it goes on vast sums are wasted through the negligence or ignorance of the higher-ups. Preoccupied with labor saving devices for the office, Amtorg moguls constantly slip up on specifications for million-dollar purchases.

Locomotives have been ordered on American gauges, though Russian railroads have a different trackspan. Costly boners are pulled in translating technical requirements or converting the dimensions from the metric system. It is a common practice to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on equipment for a steel mill or ball-bearing plant, but to economize on the purchase

of spare parts. After a few weeks, the factory must be shut down until replacements are shipped from America. Once, following the launching of the Soviet shipbuilding program, urgent requests were received by Amtorg for a merchant-marine designer. One was found who had twenty years' experience and a collection of glowing letters of reference. He insisted on a three-year contract at \$20,000 per year, plus first-class passage and living expenses for himself, wife, and four daughters. When he reported at the Leningrad shipyards,

it was discovered that the only craft he ever designed were millionaires' yachts.

Every employee of Amtorg knows glaring examples of such waste and stupidity, but the campaigns to save carbon paper, to punish excessive use of the telephone, and the reports on tardiness, continue. The atmosphere at Amtorg is one of slovenliness surcharged with fear. Thus the authentic atmosphere of Moscow and Kharkov has been beautifully reproduced in this Utopia on Fifth Avenue.



PACIFISTS ALL!

This war is being instigated by the same warmongers of 1914.

— Hitler, address to the Nazi Party,
September 3.

What we have to deal with is an imperialist war in which the rulers of both sides are equally guilty.

— Earl Browder, September 12.

Do you need further proof that Roosevelt wants to drive us into war for the defense of Britain's imperial interests?

— Fritz Kuhn's *Weekruff und Beobachter*,
August 31.

The struggle is going on between the imperialist slaveholders for a new division of the world.

— Leon Trotsky, statement to
press, September 11.

IT'S NOT NATURAL TO BE HEALTHY

BY WILLIAM KINNEY, M.D.

NATURE cults have convinced most of us that perfect health is our birthright and that we squander it through "unnatural" living. According to such doctrines we need only return to a "natural" way of life to enjoy magnificent health and Apollonian beauty. Depending on the credos of the numerous health schools, the "natural" way means (1) baring the epidermis in part or *in toto* to the healing rays of the sun; (2) tossing pipe and ale-jug out the window, on the theory that these civilized indulgences have no place in Nature's scheme; (3) limiting diet to "natural" foods; (4) exercising. The general theory is that man must only follow the uncorrupted life of brother beast in order to be healthy, happy, and handsome. Even Webster's *New International Dictionary* is sold on the idea. Among its definitions of Nature we find:

The primitive condition or character of living things; the wild uncultivated state; that condition which is distinguished from domestic society or civilization; as a state of *nature*. Hence,

a natural or normal life; a primitive or unsophisticated state considered as the healthy ideal; as in the phrase, "back to nature."

This would all be very well if Nature were really the kindly caretaker that schoolbooks and childhood fables have led us to imagine. Actually, she is a careless and cannibalistic old sow who would just as soon devour her young as help them. In the places where Nature reigns supreme disease, poor health, and sudden death are not as uncommon as the nature cultists believe. Millions of years ago Nature stood aside while the backbones of her dinosaurs were ravaged by tuberculosis and tumors felled them. Remains of ancient mollusks, crustaceans, and plants show that they spent many an unhappy millennium suffering from microbic infection.

As for our own ancestors, Virchow found that the bones of cave-men and early inhabitants of the German forests were deformed by a disease which he labeled *Hohlengicht* or "cave-gout." Egyptian mummies also reveal that *arthritis*

deformans is not an exclusively civilized disease. Further, some of these mummies show that the supposedly modern ailment, hardening of the arteries, was familiar in ancient Egypt. Even the primitive peoples still on earth, who certainly live "naturally," survive only despite the onslaught of disease. Malaria, yellow fever, hookworm, elephantiasis, and a hundred others take a great toll. If they do not suffer from such degenerative diseases of civilization as high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, and cancer it is merely because they seldom live to the age at which these ailments make their appearance.

In the more "natural" past, the major source of human illness has been the armies of microbes which prey on man. Plague, typhoid fever, smallpox, diphtheria, infantile dysentery, tuberculosis, and other such diseases took heavy toll. Through the efforts of "unnatural" civilization and medical science, the war against infecting bacteria has been increasingly successful. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* stated on June 24, 1939:

The control of the communicable diseases has been the most important factor in increasing average longevity; in fact, except for tuberculosis and for pneumonia, all the other infections have been almost eliminated as factors

of importance so far as the death rate is concerned.

As time goes on, therefore, the greater part of man's physical troubles must be attributed to natural inherent defects of his constitution. Dr. Logan Clendenning writes in *The Human Body* that man in the struggle against death by disease has conquered his environment, but "is still as much . . . at the mercy of his heredity as he was in the Stone Age." High blood pressure and cancer, two of the outstanding causes of death today, are due, he notes, to an inherited tendency present in the individual at birth. To breed out such hereditary tendencies might be possible if some 95 per cent of the human race were forbidden to procreate and the remainder placed in the charge of a ruthless eugenic dictator. Dr. Clendenning would want such power for five centuries to "produce a race of men whose average duration of life would be two hundred and fifty years." It is safe, then, to proceed on the basis that these genetic traits will continue.

Nature worshippers never tire of wondering at the perfect adaptation of living things to their natural environments. The little fishes have gills which take oxygen from water; the hawk has telescopic eyes

to help in seeking out his dinner. . . . So much is true, but actually the adaptations are for the most part hit-or-miss; usually just good enough to get by and no better.

For example, the human stomach and bowels manage to digest food, but digestive disorders are common even among those who watch their diet. As a piece of natural engineering, the stomach is no more perfect than the enormously wasteful reproductive mechanism which has been evolved in Nature's workshop. The most casual inspection of human anatomy discloses that no preconceived plan of perfection was followed in its construction. Through the ages it has been patched up and reconditioned according to a painful process of trial and error. Useless organs are in evidence and new functions have been imposed on the old framework; if automobile manufacturers followed the same procedure 1940 models would look like 1910 jalopys with improvements strewn carelessly around and useless gadgets of a generation ago permitted to remain, although they hinder the operation of the car. The vermiform appendix, the small rudimentary organ attached to the beginning of the large bowel, long ago ceased to have a function in the human being. In the rabbit it is

a large pouch which plays an important part in digesting the bulky food the animal lives on. Since it has no use in man it would seem sensible for it to disappear altogether. Instead it lingers on, making man's life miserable because of its susceptibility to disease.

II

Chronic sinus infection is another persistent affliction which is commonly attributed to unnatural living — the effect of smoke and dust of our cities, the dry, overheated air of our homes in winter. No doubt these factors do play a part, but there is a more logical explanation for its prevalence. When the animal-that-became-man walked about on all fours with his snout to the ground, the openings of the sinuses, particularly those in the cheek bones, allowed for adequate draining. Now that man has reared back on his hind legs, gravity cannot solve the problem of clearing the sinuses. The products of inflammation accumulate in the spaces and the openings allow only the overflow to spill out. Had Nature been the perfect designer cultists claim she is, provision for a change in the position of the openings would have been made for man's two-legged stage.

Further difficulties arise from the fact that we were originally four-footed. Our abdominal organs are still suspended from our backbones — a reasonable enough system in animals who walk with their spinal columns parallel to the ground. In humans it is a slovenly arrangement which frequently leads to serious sagging of kidneys, stomach, bowels, and women's pelvic organs. The rudimentary mammary glands which repose uselessly on the hirsute chest of the human male are further evidence that Nature is no meticulous designer. At one time they probably helped to supply milk for the young; but for millennia these organs have served no purpose in the male and Nature has been too lazy to remove them permanently.

These architectural defects in the human body, though they can be multiplied many times, are not nearly as important as the defects in the chemical functioning of our organs. Faulty chemical activity annoys most of us to some extent. The average man is not inclined to attend to this unless it becomes severe. He excuses the fact that his mechanism is hitting on five cylinders instead of six by saying, "I'm a little under the weather," or "Something I ate didn't agree with me." When the endocrine

glands and their functions were discovered it was believed that the problem of these obscure disorders — some with disastrous consequences — had been found. It was even predicted that we were well on the way to finding the root of the process of growing old. The furor has now somewhat abated and doctors are beginning to realize that, while artificial administration of hormones can be of use in many cases of gross glandular disorders, they are by no means a solution to all medical problems. Prodigal Nature inevitably ages man and the pharmaceutical houses cannot do much to postpone the day.

Few of us are willing to resign ourselves to the proposition that Nature created us biologically unequal and imperfect. If medical science cannot help us to perfect health and boundless energy, *homo sapiens* beats a path to the medical quacks and places himself in the eager hands of the cultist. Each nature school has a doctrine serving as the pivot for its cure-all.

One school believes in exercise — bending, stretching, walking, running, climbing "like the animals do." Ignoring the fact that animals never deliberately exercise, it is safe to say that, contrary to popular belief, a man may remain normally healthy and never exert himself

more than is necessary to move about the house or get in and out of his car. Mental patients, for that matter, have been known to lie in bed for years with no apparent impairment of their general health. Tubercular patients who were once advised to exercise are now required to restrict their activities; yet this lack of exercise does not render them more susceptible to other diseases. On the other hand, overindulgence in exercise may be distinctly harmful, particularly in the case of middle-aged men.

III

Another school believes in fresh air and advocates throwing open doors and windows indiscriminately for the healing draughts of fresh, outdoor air. Aside from its pleasanter smell and more stimulating feeling on the skin, the freshest air contains no more curative properties than the stuffy atmosphere of a closed room. The essential oxygen element in air is seldom lowered significantly; in fact, it would be impossible to lower it to the danger point in the average room unless it were hermetically sealed. When the percentage of oxygen is lowered, respiration is simply increased to the point where the volume of air

going in and out of the lungs is sufficient to make up for the lack.

Still another school preaches sun-worship, and it may be said that tanned pulchritude and nudist ramblings out of doors open the eye and liven the spirit. Aside from that, though, it is possible to lead a normally healthy existence and have only a nodding acquaintance with the center of the solar system. The sun helps stimulate the formation of essential vitamin D in the body. This vitamin, however, is contained in everyday foods such as eggs, butter, cream, fish, beef-fat, and mutton-fat. If these are taken in sufficient quantity, sunshine can be dispensed with. Experimental animals have been reared in complete darkness and thrive when given an adequate supply of vitamin D.

Diet is the factor most often stressed by the nature faddists. Because food obviously provides the raw materials from which our tissues are made and the wear and tear of the body repaired, a host of food quacks have exploited false notions about diet. Some of these beliefs — that meat, for instance, causes kidney disease and raises the blood pressure and that red meat is more harmful than white meat — were once accepted by reputable physicians. At the moment King

Vitamin rules in the back-to-nature movement. The muddy reasoning which installed him on his throne runs something like this: in the natural state — by eating raw fruits, berries, nuts, or tearing the vitamin-laden meat fresh from the kill before cooking destroyed its vitamin content — man obtained a sufficient supply of vitamins. In the canned and packaged world of today there is not the same opportunity to get the necessary quantity. Therefore, vitamins must be located, numbered, and labeled, and consumed deliberately in the diet of the individual.

Needless to say, where individuals suffer from vitamin-deficient diets, magical transformations have been effected through the use of synthetic vitamins. But the remarkable results obtained in some instances have led to the indiscriminate prescribing of vitamins. Actually the normal diet of the average person, if made up of representative foods found in any grocery store and meat market, contains plenty of vitamins. Unless there is vitamin deficiency, it is useless to swallow extra ones; their effect in such circumstances is exclusively psychological. And, incidentally, it is well to remember that the chief dietary sin of which man is guilty is eating too much.

Nature cultists unreservedly condemn coffee, tobacco, and alcohol. This terrible trio, they say, has no place in the natural life of animals and must be banished, for they contribute to the degenerative diseases affecting the heart, kidneys, brain, and other organs. Yet doctors know that at the basis of such diseases is hardening of the arteries, which deprives these organs of their normal blood supply; therefore, if these substances are harmful, it must be shown that they cause hardening of the arteries — *arterio-sclerosis*. Do they? The harmful ingredient in coffee is supposed to be the alkaloid caffeine, one of the purine group used extensively in the treatment of heart disease of the type due to *arterio-sclerosis*. Treatment with these drugs has been sponsored chiefly by Drs. Gilbert and Fenn of Chicago and is now widely accepted by the profession. Recently I heard Dr. Gilbert say, "We have now learned that these drugs may be prescribed continuously over a long period of time without harmful effects."

As for tobacco — I have been connected with a tuberculosis sanitarium for the past seven years. We have observed that smoking does not have any harmful effects upon the lungs; smokers recover

from tuberculosis as readily as non-smokers. In my own experience I have seen heart disease of the type that affects people around middle age as frequently in non-smokers as in smokers. A short time ago Dr. Karsner, one of America's foremost pathologists, said in a lecture, "There are only two things that I know about *arterio-sclerosis* — one is that alcohol does not cause it, and the other is that tobacco does not cause it."

Many people believe that moderate use of alcohol is harmful. Yet figures on the deaths of 1259 men and women published by Dr. Raymond Pearl in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* of February 1924 show that moderate and occasional drinkers had a slightly longer life span than teetotalers. (The latter, in turn, lived from five to nine years longer than heavy and steady drinkers.) Sir Marc Armand Ruffer who occupied the chair of pathology at the University of Cairo did postmortem examinations on Mohammedans who strictly abstained from alcohol and found that hard-

ening of the arteries was as common among them as it was among alcohol-drinking Europeans. Several medical experimenters at Columbia University tested the effect of alcohol on normal kidneys and kidneys impaired by Bright's disease. They found that alcohol has no ill-effect on these organs. Cirrhosis of the liver is supposed to result from overindulgence, yet every doctor finds many exceptions. . . .

To sum up — there is no "natural" road to health. To be as healthy as possible man must make use of all his civilized resourcefulness to outwit Nature and her bag of deadly tricks. It is probable that a strong constitution and longevity are determined chiefly by heredity. Livestock breeders know that vigorous animals cannot be bred from inferior stock. Medical science can do much to alleviate the numerous shortcomings of the human organism, but it cannot abolish them. The disabilities that remain are "natural." We must learn to accept and endure them.



WESTERN MALES ARE SISSIES

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

FOR close to a century we males of the West have enjoyed the reputation of being astonishing he-fellows — rough, tough, and lusty. It is still widely believed, east of the Mississippi, that Westerners are all more than six feet tall, except perhaps for a few weaklings who scale only five foot eleven. I know mature but untraveled men in Boston and New York who believe their Western brothers shoot off cigar ashes with Colts, and in their lighter moments are given to demolishing saloons.

These quaint opinions were formulated by the Deadeye Dick school of writer, and they are being perpetuated currently in books and magazines and movies by the heirs of old Deadeye. The fiction formula runs thus: all Western males are not only tall but handsome as the very devil, bronzed all over, with clear if squinty eyes that reflect love of the hills and great open spaces; they may be somewhat rough and hearty in their manners — sometimes even given to windiness — but the

hearts that pump red and negative-Wassermann blood into Western arteries are without guile. Honest guys to a man, and hard as nails.

But are Westerners like that? Are the slickers of the effete East just a bunch of pansy-pickers compared to us of the great plains and high mountains?

So far as pansy-pickers are concerned, we don't have many pansies — the real flowers, I mean — in the West. We go in for roses, tulips, cherry and orange blossoms, and things like that. Along about June every year, daily papers in California and the Pacific Northwest begin running pictures of males, some of them fat and well under six feet tall, twining roses in their hair or juggling tulips and olives or playing with sprays of cherry and orange blossoms. It's a sober fact, Western fiction to the contrary, that flowers play a large part in our he-Western lives. Tourists coming to the West Coast must often be amazed that the symbol of a well-known transcontinental train is a large pink cabbage rose. The

Western terminus of this pretty train — the Portland Rose — is naturally enough Portland, Oregon, scene of many of the operations of the late and eminent Harry Tracy, the Lone Bandit, who was scarcely mighty lak a rose. Harry shot and killed seven men once, when he wanted a brief vacation from the Oregon pen, but that was long ago and Harry was a native of Wisconsin, anyway.

There's the city of Bellingham, Washington. Bellingham goes hog-wild about tulips every spring, and the he-men of town parade with armfuls of flowers. In Salem, capital of Oregon, the large, tough males prefer cherry blossoms and dance around the orchards with pretty sprays and get their pictures in the newsreels. In towns and cities all over northern California, the heirs of Black Bart and Joaquin Murietta make whoopee in the olive groves. (*In a flash Dick pulled his .45 and let go.*)

Those bullfrog jumping contests of the Mother Lode country have been revived out of a nostalgic and comical attempt at atavism — like the long hair affected by movie males — but miners have no hand in them and they serve chiefly to show off the new clothes of Hollywood cuties, both male and female. Cheyenne and Pendleton continue

their "roundups" which are held solely to take money from more Hollywood cuties and from a swarm of wide-eyed tourists who fancy they are seeing a Wild West that actually exists.

Or take Idaho, where Big Bill Haywood used to range the hills and where dynamiting mines was the principal sport. That's he-country if ever there was any; Idaho sports are very fond of rude doings in the great outdoors. In a mountain valley they now have a million-dollar hotel, steam heated, with warm swimming pools, and with electricity so that he-men can plug in their shavers; and when they do go outdoors a rope pulls the intrepid ski-ers all the long hard way up the mountain, the same mountain, by the way, up which prospectors walked with ninety pounds of pack on their backs. Branch shops of famous New York stores and dressmakers clutter the hotel. (*"She's th' purtiest gal in th' whole camp," Dick said.*)

It's all very he-Western.

The hunters are as tired as the ski-ers. Not for years has a Western store sold a ten-gauge shotgun — too heavy to lug around. And as for those incredible hunting seats — things that are strapped around the waists of hunters so that they may sit down without getting their

pants wet — a Seattle store is reported to sell more of these contraptions than any firm in the United States. But neither hunting nor skiing is the true Western sport. The native Western man wants golf, and by God he gets it. Every vacant place in and around San Antonio, San Francisco, and Portland is taken up with links. The same is true of Boise, Reno, El Paso, and Spokane, the once-wild town Bing Crosby comes from. (*"We'll run him out of these parts," vowed the sheriff.*)

But golf is doubtless on the way out. It's too rough. Omaha, San Francisco, and Seattle have taken up badminton in a big way, and you can see feathered corks being batted around by the bronzed hemen whose grandpappies fought Indians for sport on weekdays and on Sundays played at hot-bottom, with a hickory whiffletree for a paddle.

Fishing, of course, never had a right to be called a he-sport, and it grows less-he yearly here in the West. Most fishermen carry enough poles and tackle and sleeping bags and cooking stoves and fly lotions and cocktail shakers to stock an emporium. I saw one party recently, on the wild Deschutes in Oregon, who had all these things plus a trailer and were bellyaching

because the patent stove they had brought along wouldn't work. These Western fishermen even wait for state and federal agencies to tell them the probable weather and of the condition of the water in the streams they *may* fish — if it doesn't rain and the water isn't dangerously high and if the fish are reported hungry.

II

In urban parts of the West things are even softer than they are in the Western "wilds" into which sportsmen ride in their super-sixes and trailers equipped with indoor privies and dishwashing machines. In the cities symphony concerts, religious doings of one kind and another, and fruit, flower, and wheat festivals, occupy much of the time of the virile males. There is scarcely a city of any pretention that doesn't boast of an agate collectors' club and a philatelic society; and there is no Western town so backward that its newspaper does not carry a society page with pictures of bronzed Western males wearing shorts and engaged in the sinister pastime of racquets. . . . It would make Marcus Whitman and Gen. Custer and Collis P. Huntington roll fitfully in their graves.

We town guys of the Great West

are very careful of our muscles. It wasn't for nothing that a Western man devised and put on the market a dingus to save Western he-men the trouble of stoking their furnaces. This highly successful automatic coal-stoker has saved the backs and arms of six-foot males for better things, like golf and chess and badminton. (*Dodging behind the bar, Dick crouched and pulled the trigger.*)

As for riding horses, only a few eccentric Westerners do that any more. The Western lumberjack runs his own car direct to camp, and a goodly share of the gaunt, tall, and godlike cowboys ride herd in Fords that are rigged up with automatic starters and a radio, so that the bellowing of cattle is drowned out by the braying of a dance band from Miami. Year by year, legs in the old cownowns are growing less bowed. The ancient cowboy yell sounds more like a soprano "yoo hoo." The old Barbary Coast of San Francisco is sinful no more but has gone chin-whisker, its sidewalks and old dives piled high with eggplant, lettuce, and avocados, the favorite hearty food of Western men. (*"I could eat a hunk o' rawhide," bellowed hungry Deadeye Dick.*)

Maybe it is this sort of food that is responsible for our depressing

record of prizefighters. Every little while we produce a new coming champ who goes East and is slapped down pronto by some broken palooka who has never been west of Brooklyn. Even our bloodhounds, once our pride, have gone sissy. About a year ago officers brought a famous pack from Walla Walla to Oregon, to run down an escaped convict. The hounds sniffed awhile, bayed once and led the posse direct to a cat and her kittens which were sleeping on a back porch in — of all places — Sweet Home, a village of Linn County. (*"I'll git that man ef it takes to Judgment Day," snarled the ranger.*)

We still boast a few explorers and mountain climbers, but they go into the Great Alone well prepared. Last fall an old trapper on the Olympic Peninsula, coming into Hoh, Washington, for his winter supplies, reported that halfway up a mountainside in his region he had discovered a bushel of empty Sterno cans and a "long rubber bag, what you blowed up like a bicycle tire."

It is true that the West today swarms with writers of he-man Western stories, but they lead sheltered lives to a man, and they write solely of men long dead or of men who never lived anywhere at

any time. Not one of them rolls his own cigarets, nor wears spurs. They belong to Rotary and Kiwanis, both estimable organizations but hardly he-male in the Western tradition. At least two of these writers use electrical typewriters. (*The Kid's eyes squinted. "Bang, bang," he shot from the hip.*)

And there's tobacco. When pioneer merchants opened their stores on Puget Sound and San Francisco Bay they were hard put to keep enough plug-chewing in stock. To-day a few pounds of chewing would supply the entire West for a week. Even cigarets are too strong; currently there is a big run on a device that is said to filter all the nasty nicotine out of cigarets, thus keeping the bronzed Western males from getting too dark skinned.

As a final commentary there are the skidroads — or what are left of them. Skidroads are those parts of all Western cities where the hard-rock men, the loggers, the straw shovelers, the gaycats, and the dingbats congregate to make whoopee. In their heyday they supported places like the gigantic

Erickson's, in Portland, and the immortal Paris House with its one hundred female inmates of all colors. The fun was rough and dangerous. About a year ago a manicure parlor was opened, especially for men, on Portland's notorious Burnside Street. A similar place is in operation on Butte's Silver Street, another on Yesler Way, in Seattle, named for Henry Yesler who could throw a five-pound ax sixty feet and hit a knothole.

Thus does the bronze on Western males fade. It is fading very rapidly, these past few years, and many of the males are less than the standard six feet tall. They hunt with a seat attached to their soft behinds; they fish from tiled trailers; they explore mountains with a pack of canned heat and a rubber mattress on their backs; they ride herd in automobiles. Few of them have ever fired a revolver. Their eyes still squint, not from looking at far mountains and blinding cactus deserts, but from searching for the little white ball that went off the fairway just below the clubhouse.



THE STATE OF THE UNION

Lament for Ham-and-Eggs

THE California ham-and-eggs scheme sounds to us like the most fantastic brew of wishful thinking, cock-eyed economics, and plain charlatanism ever put over by racketeering messiahs on the desperate and the stupidly credulous in our midst. It is the quintessence of demagoguery: economic perpetual motion in one-syllable words for those who think with their intestines. Obviously, the aged represent a real and increasingly tragic problem. Our success in enlarging the span of human life — perhaps the greatest single achievement of modern science — has kept alive millions of superannuated men and women in a society accustomed to their more seasonable demise. The economic set-up has no place in it for old people. Having managed brilliantly to keep them from dying, our society has as yet found no way of helping them live. But the urgency of a problem does not in itself validate a crackpot solution. On the contrary, the fact that the disease is real only makes the false cure more criminal.

Ultimately society must face the problem of its economically useless aged. It must either kill them or care for them. Probably in the end it will absorb their support as an inevitable overhead cost of modern life, to be paid in some simple pension form. None of this, however, alters our opinion of the ham-and-eggs magic proposed in California.

But precisely because we consider the scheme on the borderline of economic idiocy, we confess to a sense of disappointment that it was voted down by the saner citizenry. What these Rube Goldbergesque inventions for lifting ourselves by our own bootstraps need is at least one good practical test. This thought may bar us forever from the sunkist state, but we risk even that in a burst of candor. It was the nation's great chance to have the ham-and-eggs idea — typical of scores of other such concoctions — tried out at California's expense. One state's loss would have been a gain for the other forty-seven; indeed, it might even be a good investment if forty-seven states sub-

sidized the forty-eighth in trying out some representative ham-and-every-Thursday-eggs-thirty-dollars combination. The ensuing headaches, confusions, graft, and skull-duggery on the road to bankruptcy would end one category of crackpotism for a time. Since no state will lend itself willingly to such noble self-sacrifice for the country as a whole, it must be forced into it at the ballot-box. California would have been ideal for the purpose. It is big, rich, imaginative, partial to the more hyperbolic Utopias, and — this we whisper guiltily — farthest away geographically from the state in which we live ourselves.

One advantage of the United States over the rest of the world is its federated structure. In effect we have forty-eight laboratories for social experimentation, where other countries have only one. Things that work out well in one laboratory are available to the others. Things that prove themselves untenable can be avoided by the others. No matter how extreme any notion of reform may be, some state will try it first, thus reducing the likelihood of its being foisted on the entire country. Suppose Adolf Hitler had conquered Louisiana instead of Germany. Suppose Mussolini had grabbed New Jersey instead of Italy. Not only would their

depredations have been limited to one state, but the pressure of public opinion in the surrounding states, and the protection of the Federal Constitution and courts, would have operated to restrain them.

A new scheme or fancy ideology riveted on an entire country cannot be thrown off except through the processes of revolution and civil strife. The same scheme or ideology fastened on a forty-eighth part of a country must remain or collapse on its merits. Imagine that Hitlerism had been tried out in Bavaria, while the rest of Germany looked on and passed judgment. Imagine that fascism had been given its chance in the province of Padua, with the rest of Italy in the bleachers. Imagine that the marvels of Lenin's noble experiments had been visited upon the government of Vologda instead of all Russia. Imagine that and you get the feel of our national edge on European countries.

The diversity of America's human make-up and its division into forty-eight compartments amounts to insurance against dictatorship on the old-world model. A dictator or an ideology acceptable at once to Mississippi and Massachusetts, to New York and New Mexico, to Kansas and Pennsylvania, is conceivable theoretically. In practice it would be almost impossible. In dis-

unity there is strength — when the danger is totalitarianism. Our country compasses too many varieties of life and thought to lend itself easily to regimentation. A Huey Long or Frank Hague may be a superman in his own bailiwick — his frailties and tricks are all too apparent to other sections of the country. The establishment of anything resembling the Nazi or fascist or Soviet dictatorships in the United States would require not one revolution, but approximately forty-eight.

When the ham-and-eggs racket was at its peak in California, the press in the rest of the country was loud in criticism and ridicule. We submit that this was utterly shortsighted; it was carrying altruism too far. The other forty-seven states should, instead, have encouraged their daring sister to take the plunge. We honor the individual who submits to some dangerous inoculation in the interests of humanity. By the same token we should honor, and cheer on, the state which submits to the trial of some new idea for the sake of the whole country. The more far-fetched and idiotic the idea, the greater the credit due to the section willing to become a guinea pig.

We want to wind up this sermon with a practical proposal. We have no real hope that it will get a hear-

ing; it's too sensible to catch on. But we advance it anyhow for the sake of the record: hereafter, when some notion for reorganizing life gains strength in the country, one state should be isolated to try it out. The others would stand by with first-aid equipment, fire engines, oxygen tanks, etc., in readiness to rescue the victim before the test proves fatal. California would probably volunteer anyhow. But if no volunteer can be found, some state might be selected by drawing lots whenever a new social gadget gets a hold of the American imagination. Or, if Alabama, Arizona, and Arkansas don't raise too much of a howl, states might simply take their turn alphabetically. We could give forty-eight schemes a good workout in short order, and be back in Alabama for Number Forty-nine with a minimum of damage.



Political Labels — Time was when Right was Right and Left was Left and never the twain did meet, except in mortal combat or at some decent political center. We recognized the cut of a Radical's cravat and views, and knew a Tory by his constipated look. We could tell a rock-ribbed Conservative by what he believed, and a rocking Liberal by what he didn't believe. Even Democrats and Republicans could

be told apart, in a general way, by experts. If we needed a Communist for a symposium we didn't look for him among the best J. P. Morgan families. Labels meant something then, and life was simple.

But now political compasses are haywire, political maps are screwy, labels are picked in the camouflage department. The most reactionary regime in modern times — Germany — calls itself National Socialist and fills its prison camps with Socialists. One of the most militantly nationalistic of governments — Russia — sings the *International* as its anthem. Having crushed the Syndicalists, largest mass movement in Spain, General Franco announces his intention to build a Syndicalist society. No one is surprised any longer to find Lefts to the right of so-called Rights, or for that matter to find both ambidextrous. State Socialism *à la* Mussolini, Collectivism with Nazi sauce, and Industrial Feudalism with Russian dressing — try to arrange them for easy reading from Right to Left and see where you get.

Closer home, try the experiment of grading the political positions of, let us say, Democrat John Nance Garner, Republican William Allen White, New Deal stalwarts like Senator Reynolds and Mayor Frank Hague, diehards like Henry

Ford, democrats like Earl Browder, revolutionaries like John L. Lewis. Moderate Socialists of the Norman Thomas brand find themselves, much to their own surprise, far to the Left of Stalin's American agents. Five-thousand-dollar-a-week proletarians in Hollywood plot revolutions in their swimming pools and inveigh against the Trotskyism of their Republican bosses. The test of a True Liberal, *Nation* style, is how loud he yells hurrah for the slaughter of poor peasants and the shooting of Old Bolsheviks in Russia. A Fascist, by *New Republic* definition, is anyone who objects to man-made famines or speaks up for novelists and playwrights liquidated by the Kremlin. The more conservative *New Masses* used to extend the definition of Fascist to compass anyone who didn't go along 100 per cent with President Roosevelt but that was before the new marching orders came through from Moscow. We listened to a young Democrat on the radio — the gist of his oration was that it is the job of Progressives to conserve Liberalism.

Answer these if you can: when Father Coughlin declaims against the money-changers in the Wall Street temples, is he Right or Left, Radical or Conservative? When Earl Browder — whose sister and

ex-wife have been publicly accused of engaging in military espionage for a foreign country — waves the Stars and Stripes is he Right or Left? Where will you classify a certain New Yorker who went to Congress as a Republican and a Socialist, became Mayor on a Fusion ticket, is an enrolled member of the American Labor Party, supports the New Deal, has called for the formation of a Third Party, and holds on firmly to Republican affiliations? When the American League for Peace and Democracy — formerly the League against War and Fascism — approves Stalin's arrangements to provide Hitler with war materials, his Polish grab and his bulldozing of small neighbors, what does that do to its labels?

These are matters to ponder seriously as you stand dizzily at the point where Left-Wing Tories meet Right-Wing Anarchists.



Stalin's Greatest Atrocity: The most pathetic victims of the Nazi-Soviet get together are the American fellow travelers in the communist entourage. The Poles and the Baltic peoples have at least the consolations of martyrdom and the awareness of worldwide sympathy. The fellow travelers are not only stricken but ludicrous. They find themselves stripped in the market

place, their most intimate intellectual parts exposed. They haven't even a decent alibi for their gullibility to cover their nakedness. Acceptance of Stalin's "democratic" pretensions was something of an intellectual feat. The horrors of oppression inside Russia, the duplicity of Kremlin policy outside Russia, have been matters of documented record for many years. The inner moral identity of fascism and Stalinism has been attested in detail by men like Dr. Hermann Rauschning, Boris Souvarine, Andre Gide, Max Eastman, Victor Serge, a hundred others. Our fellow travelers were not fooled by Stalin and Browder — they fooled themselves. For years they preferred pretty slogans to grim realities. For years they drugged themselves with ideological cocktail parties, make-believe united fronts, puerile rationalizations of the too-obvious Muscovite terror. Having swallowed a man-made famine that took from three to seven million lives, having swallowed the purge trials and mass executions of the last years, why squawk about the natural climax of the process in the merging of Red and Brown fascisms? To American fellow travelers their own discomfiture must seem the greatest of Stalin's atrocities.

— E. L.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

AN announcement on the Church Page of the *Los Angeles Times* proves that only one grand separates humanity from Utopia:

We need loan of \$1000 to begin the greatest movement since the dawn of the Christian Era, a movement to put millions of idle talents to work for the glory of God and the spiritual and economic betterment of needy millions. A blessing awaits all who help. —

WHO called this a hard-boiled age? Not while the copy-writers for Lander's Talcs are on the job. Sample, from an advertisement in *Modern Screen*:

UP . . . UP . . . TO LOVE'S HEAVEN —

Be seductive yet refined, and he will hold you in his heart forever.

Oh! moment of delight . . . you and he in the moonlight with the tempting perfume of flowers to make you glamorous. Then he will sweep you up . . . up . . . on the wings of love to find your heaven in his arms.

To be divinely desirable, use Lander's Blended Flower Talc. The lure of its true flower fragrance is eternal as love itself.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE gentle art of verbal give-and-take as developed on the floor of

the Senate and immortalized in the august *Congressional Record*:

MR. GEYER of California. Since the gentleman is staring at me all the time, will he yield?

MR. HOFFMAN. No; not just now.

MR. GEYER of California. The gentleman looked right at me. If he has reference to me, he should yield.

MR. HOFFMAN. I have to face the front. The gentleman knows how painful it is for me to watch him. Accommodate me, and be charitable to me, and retire to the lobby, if I offend you, or turn your face the other way. I cannot help it. I will do the best I can. I will hold this piece of paper between us and so relieve you from sight of me.

INDIANA

AN editorial in the Fort Wayne *News-Sentinel* pierces a maze of political obfuscation, and arrives at a crystal-clear explanation:

A survey of the entire controversy in this community reveals that the whole State House case for repeal of the embargo has relied upon amplitudinous bundles of quasi-argumentative tripe stewed in a kettle of palpable political piffle and excessively seasoned with irrelevant *argumentum ad hominem*.

Pious note on the virtues of the religious temper, contributed by a reader of *Contest Magazine* and

duly published in its "Idea Department":

STAY AWAKE IN CHURCH

Don't go to sleep in church! Remember, the minister is an educated man and well worth listening to. One Sunday our minister announced his sermon would be on the question, "Does money satisfy the longings of the human heart?" Immediately, I thought what a good question this would be to send into a local station that was giving prizes for debatable questions. Well, I sent it in and won a \$10 merchandise certificate on a local department store. Now, every time I see the minister, I mentally thank him for this prize. Incidentally, I attend church more often.

THE still, small voice of charity is heard in the classified columns of the *Aurora Bulletin*:

NOTICE: The thief who stole the lids and door from Fred Bocock's Cook Stove, come and get the stove. Fred Bocock, Dillsboro.

KANSAS

PSYCHIC phenomena are taken in their stride by the blasé clients of the Hanover *Herald*:

The Washington County Press Club met last Friday evening at Barnes, Kans., with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Shannon as hosts. Following a delicious three course dinner at the Shannon home, the much talked of Barnes ghost appeared. He was tall, dressed in white and carried a lantern, just as he was described last summer when he appeared on several occasions to come out of a hay stack and disappear in a clump of plum bushes. The business meeting was then held.

ANOTHER triumph for American journalism is disclosed in Cherokee County:

We will take vegetables and garden truck in payment for subscriptions to the Scammon *News-Herald* and also will make favorable mention of what you are doing in the garden line. What do you say, folks? Retail grocer prices will be allowed. Would like to get potatoes and roasting ears or most any vegetables which you have a surplus.

THE Ashmead *Argus* chronicles a tragedy:

The hanging at the county jail did not take place as expected. The culprit was all dressed and ready, when a reprieve came from the governor. The large crowd were much disappointed.

KENTUCKY

PHILANTHROPY finds expression in an advertisement in the Mt. Vernon *Signal*:

NOTICE. — Hunt and fish all you please on my land and when you hear the bell come to dinner. Hunt Perry, Horse Lick.

NEW YORK

SOURCE material for future historians of twentieth century culture in Troy, culled from the Troy *Times Record*:

A prize will be offered for the diner with the most gravy spots on his or her clothes after the "primitive dinner" at the Troy Elks' Club Nov. 18. The prize was posted last night at a session of the 13th Club. Elks group sponsoring the forthcoming feast in cave-man

style. There will be lots of food but no knives, forks or spoons — just hands. Each diner will be issued a butcher's apron, cap and a towel upon entering the dining room.

OHIO

ADDENDA on democracy in full flower. This circular was distributed in Tiltonsville:

ATTENTION VOTER'S! . . .

Dear Voter's:

It is a very good opportunity this time to vote for Pete Monti, Robert Wilson and Eugene Bess for Council. These three men will do something good, that Tiltonsville never dreamed. Forget the Old Fashion, Forget the Click and vote straight for these three gentlemen, and you will see the results. You might not believe it; You might think its a fake. Give them a Break and a Boost and vote for them and Tiltonsville will be restored to a new life.

This town needs some good powered eyed men to resolve something good for the benefit of the town.

Don't Forget and Go to the Poles in Time

OREGON

ASTRONOMY is enlisted in the interests of American patriotism by the McMinnville *News-Reporter*:

The total eclipse of the moon visible here from 9 to 12 P.M. Friday evening,

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

October 27, presented a beautiful sight, and appropriately observed the birthday anniversary of a former president of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt.

TENNESSEE

ACRID comment on current millinery styles is offered by the Lost and Found columns of the Nashville *Tennessean*:

BIRD OR HAT — Flew in or blew in out of car passing Dannaher's Service Station, 2612 Franklin Road. It's sorta round with green and red polkadot quills or feathers in it. If you've lost a hat or bird drive by and see it — It's funny.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

ANOTHER victory for Adolf Hitler is announced in London, according to the United Press:

The *British Journal of Astrology* today suspended publication because of the "uncertainty of the immediate future."

RUSSIA

LITERARY note from Stalin's Elysium, transmitted by the New York *Times* correspondent, and referring to a Soviet broadcast attacking Finland:

One White Russian poet who had listened in, it was stated, declared in the name of every poet in White Russia poetic approval of the new Soviet note to Finland.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Life and Death of an Oyster

NOW is the time of cold — the time when hungry foxes paw desperately at the frozen earth, and the lean hawks sail screaming over the snow-bowed hemlocks in search of hot blood to assuage the hurting in their frost-pinched bellies. The deer are nibbling at any kind of bud or berry now, in the hock-deep snow, and the rabbits have resorted to stripping the tough bark from tree trunks with their sharp incisors. But, in many a bright-lit restaurant and dining room, this is a time of gastronomic rejoicement. For it is the middle month in that season in which the names of all the months contain an *r*. It is the hey-day, in short, of the oyster. . . . This is an excellent time for considering what manner of beasts these are, which lie so pleasantly nestled between the lemon slice and the tabasco.

Oysters are not a recently discovered food of man, an epicurean delicacy of his latter-day era of civilization. Man has probably been eating them nearly as long as he has been eating anything. It was

a slant-browed forbear, with knuckles still horny after the ape fashion, who first cracked open one of the corrugated shells and found that the gobbet of living tissue inside was sweet on his tongue. Vast heaps of empty oyster shells, piled up by prehistoric man and now called kitchen middens, are readily to be found in many parts of the earth — for instance, on the coasts of Florida — and it is safe to surmise that oysters were as popular and common a part of ancient cave-fare as were berries and wild tubers.

Within the span of history, the evidence of oyster eating goes as far back as the record. The earliest Greeks and Romans were devoted oyster fanciers; Pliny has remarked that oysters were being scientifically cultivated in the first century B.C. In the time of the Emperor Augustus, Sergius Orata was making a large income from the professional maintenance of oyster beds at Baiac. There is probably no other animal under the sun which has for so many millennia vanished into the maw of *homo sapiens* in

such uncountable numbers as the wide-ranging mollusk called *Ostrea*.

The oyster is an easy prey, for it is one of the few animals that are completely motionless. Even the fresh-water mussel, the clam, can achieve a limited degree of slow, clumsy movement by the rhythmic protrusion of its whitish, wedge-shaped foot. It can bury itself in the ooze or even, in simple fashion, go hunting. But the oyster does not have a foot; it has only its pulpy body and its two-valved shell. Except for a brief period in its infancy, it lives its life as immobile as a fungus.

In the shallow ocean not far from shore, or in a sun-warmed estuary or a mangrove swamp, the oyster passes its days attached by its left valve, which is the larger, to a stone or a shell or a bit of submerged wreckage. The two halves of its shell are connected, and their openings and closings controlled, by a ligament of muscle; and in the forepart of the oyster's cold, moist body there is a rudimentary brain. There are gills—four rows of them—and ovaries and a liver and a heart with brown-colored auricles. There is a toothless, jawless mouth, situated beneath the crinkly fringe of tissue which is the oyster's mantle, and there is a pair

of soft motile palps to serve as lips. Although motionless, the oyster is fully equipped to be an animal. It has intestines, whereby to carry out digestion, gills wherewith to breathe, and cilia with which to catch its food and carry it into its mouth; it has an orifice to serve as rectum.

The oyster is blind and without ears, but it has the different and equally serviceable kind of sensitive awareness called tropism. By this endowment it is moved, when a shadow falls athwart it, to contract its tough ligamentous muscles and close its shell, and is similarly moved to open the shell again when the looming danger has passed. It is delicately sensitive to touch, and the impact of danger against its cold pulpy flesh is communicated at once to the ganglia of the brain.

Motionless, the oyster lives and feeds and breathes and begets its kind. The mussels are divided into sexes, and their breeding ways are not signally different from the breeding ways of birds or mammals. There is an ejection of spermatozoa from the genitals of the male, and an intake of the sperm by the genitals of the female. But the oyster is a hermaphrodite. The sex of the oyster is not fixed, but variable. A young oyster is a male which, after

discharging its spermatozoa, may at the age of a year be changed into a female, and may then, having spawned, become a male again.

II

Generally it is in midsummer — along the Atlantic coast, at any rate — that the oysters begin to spawn. The oyster's eggs have been held inside its gills and mantle-fold until considerably matured, for the oyster belongs to the tribe of creatures called ovoviviparous. When, the water temperature having risen to sixty-eight or seventy degrees, the oyster is ready for spawning time, its larval young ones are ejected as little ciliated spheres. Being equipped with cilia — that is to say, with little movable hair-like appendages — they are capable of swimming. They dart quite briskly through the water, often for several days. Fishermen call them spat.

The infant oyster remains a swimmer until it encounters some firm rough substance, a stone or piece of shell, to which it can attach itself. Once attached, it begins its slow development toward adult oysterhood, and never moves again. Usually it requires several years, as many as four or five, before its slow motionless maturation brings

it to the point where it is ready to be caught and pried apart and served up on a *table d'hôte* as a prime Lynnhaven or blue point.

The oyster's immobile, nearly vegetable life is interrupted now and again by attacks of enemies. The oyster has several of these, but two kinds of creature are especially menacing. One of these is the starfish, the grotesque animated pentagon with tubes for feet, which prowls at night over the ocean floor in lumbering search for prey. The starfish is a carnivore, and is particularly attracted by clams and oysters.

When a starfish finds an oyster, the oyster at once closes its bivalvular shell for protection, and there begins a slow, soundless contest of strength. The starfish humps itself over the oyster shell, fastening its strong spiny tube-feet to the sides, and pulls. The strength in its cold muscular arms is very great. It pulls steadily, without jerks. Ultimately the long smooth pressure of that pull is greater than the oyster's muscles can withstand; the closed shell is gradually forced open and the soft body exposed. The starfish is ready to make a meal. Slowly it extrudes its stomach and turns the stomach inside out; it thrusts the organ into the opened oyster shell and begins the digestion of its prey.

The constant preyings of the starfish are one reason why oysters must be so prodigiously fecund in order to survive. Contests between oyster and starfish always end in one way, with the starfish creeping away, satiated, over the ocean floor, and no single vestige of flesh or muscle adhering to the empty oyster shell. The unevenness of this warfare might long ago have decimated the oyster beds, were oysters less prolific than they are. A single oyster, in a single season, deposits some 50,000,000 eggs.

Besides the starfish there is another creature which attacks the oyster — or which, more precisely, invades it, for this second creature is a parasite. It is a kind of tapeworm, which completes its life cycle inside the bodies of two successive fishes and bores its way deep into the oyster's soft interior flesh. As the larval tapeworm in-

vades the oyster's tissues, it must pass the fleshy flap called the oyster's mantle, that part of the oyster which secretes the iridescent lining of its shell. Bits of the living tissue of this mantle adhere to the burrowing worm. By their activity they surround the worm with layer upon layer of secretion. Ultimately the worm becomes wholly encased, and there is produced the gleaming worm-coffin called a pearl. . . .

Oysters are among the simplest and lowest of the beasts. They have no mind, no movement, and very little loveliness. We think of them, mostly, as only a prelude to an excellent dinner, during the season of the months whose names contain an *r*. But oysters, in their fashion, are not undeserving of remark. "In their way," as Stephen Paget put it, "they are quite as wonderful as poets, saints, and men of science."



POETRY

DEER DANCE

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

W^AVER, wander, stray,
Under the beat of heat and thunder, feeding here and there,
Dip your heads, and slowly turn away,
As the winds declare.
Circle, circle slowly, left and right,
Seeking, seeking restlessly whatever it is you seek;
Then as the song of thunder rises to the height
Be no longer meek;
Run and run and running be as one,
Let the lightning dog your flying heels;
Till the rainstorm slackens and the sun
The high piñon-slope reveals.
Waver, wander, stray,
Under the beat of heat and thunder, feeding here and there. . . .

IN CLOUD THIS HISTORY

BY KEITH THOMAS

C^URVING into the fog this branch of leaves
Shines free of bole that brought it to this height:
So in a drifting world the eye deceives,
The planet is dimmer than the satellite.

Despite of fleetness now the bird of thought,
Emerged at large from covert ark of mind,
Blunders in fog's neutrality, wings taut
With fear of balance found, and flying blind.

In cloud this history of days whirls forth,
A branch divorced by mist from the tree's whole:
Yet balancing between the south and north,
One must recall the tree, branch, root, and bole.

I KNOW A ROAD

BY ANNA KATHERINE PROMMEL

I KNOW a road that leads where men are dying
From things their minds made words for
And hearts cannot dispel.
They speak of happiness as but a coat
Some moth of fate has eaten to the seams
To leave man helplessly alone,
A wanderer, hoping that his luck will change,
That chance unwittingly will let him find
Another coat his size.
Men speak of life as but a brief companion
Met upon the street today
And then forgotten for a week, a year,
Or never to be met again.

I know another road
Where life, intangible, is being shaped
By aching bones, with trembling fingertips
And no man hates or cares if fingertips
Should claim a star, or half a cupful even;
Where every heart-born twisting of this road
Holds laughter, solid as the earth's bedrock,
And tears and unborn thoughts and love.



THE LIBRARY

Havelock Ellis and the Sex Conscious Era

BY BURTON RASCOE

IT IS with some surprise that I discover in *Who's Who* that Irwin Edman, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, is 43 years of age; that he is unmarried; and that he is the author of seven books, in one of which, *Human Traits*, he disposes of Love in a sub-chapter of four and a half pages which begins with the observation, "Love, used in this broad sense, varies in intensity."

If one hadn't taken this precaution to look up Dr. Edman's career, one might have erroneously concluded, on reading his review of Havelock Ellis' *My Life*¹ in the New York *Herald Tribune Books*, that he is a young squirt grown up since the war, who has never heard of the Bedborough Trial or of the Woolsey decisions, but, having enjoyed the freedom to use the word Lesbian right out in a book review, without any thought or knowledge of the wherefore of this

freedom, thinks he knows all the answers by mental spontaneous combustion.

In his review, Dr. Edman calls Ellis' ideas "high hat and old hat" and says that Ellis' autobiography is "a very egocentric account of a mind by no stretch of the imagination of the first order and of a spirit never remotely of the first quality." (We infer that he knows the exact constituents of a mind of the first order and of a spirit of the first quality and that he can define them.) Dr. Edman adds that Ellis' style is "a dripping kind of pastiche eloquence" without any real distinction and — crushingly, he thinks — that "it is instructive to learn that the man who pioneered in sexual studies seems to have had so pallid a sexual life of his own."

It is also instructive to learn that a man can be a professor of philosophy and a capable writer and yet, when he comes to write a book review can choose the

¹ *My Life*, by Havelock Ellis. \$3.75. Houghton Mifflin.

easiest, most supercilious method of attack: writing in terms of what the book isn't instead of what the book is. And it is instructive also to learn that a professor of philosophy can seem to be unaware that even the finest diagnosticians in medical practice call in their colleagues to spot and treat the seat of illness when they are ailing; that trained, unmarried nurses often know more about the care and feeding of children than tenement mothers; that Shakespeare could write a convincing scene of normal love even though his experience of love appears to have been of a rather aberrant kind; and that it is not necessary for a judge once to have been a burglar in order to hand down a just decision involving unlawful entry.

Havelock Ellis' posthumous autobiography offered every opportunity for the reviewer to brill in the easy, wisecracking way; and Dr. Edman took advantage of most of the opportunities. In the first place Ellis was a victim of a neuro-psychotic condition more aberrant and unusual than any except the more repulsive ones related in his case histories in *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*. His fetish was what he defines as urolagnia, recognized frankly — others had suspected it from his sonnet "Madonna" and

from various passages in his work — and discussed at length, but dismissed as having no important bearing in his life. He fails to recognize what any amateur Freudian would instantly describe as not only a mother fixation but a mother image inextricably associated with his urolagnian fetish; although his physical functions were normal, if hypersensitive and precocious, his adolescent and later love affairs were excessively platonic and he was married late in life to a woman who turned out to be a Lesbian, complicated by nymphomania, hysteria, and frustrated mother love which she lavished on her husband, calling him "my baby" and "my boy" even when Ellis was in his sixties.

Ellis was so deficient in the normal emotion of jealousy that he permitted his wife time after time to leave him in pursuit of one of her recurrent crushes and seems — after the first discovery of his wife's nature, which discovery overwhelmed him — never to have deviated from the profound, even unique, affection he had for her and to have regarded their love as being on a "sacred" spiritual plane; he bore an undying, passionate, but platonic love for Olive Schreiner, the author of the revolutionary (at the time) novel *The Story of an*

African Farm and had numerous love affairs on a more physical plane, but was so innocent of jealousy — an emotion in which Mrs. Ellis was not deficient — that he naïvely and blandly let his wife in on the details of all of them, content in the belief that, like him, she would “understand,” sympathize, and in her heart know that she was “first.” In old age he lived through a domestic life of almost daily violence, hysteria, recriminatory outbreaks, and insults from a wife who had once had a breakdown following the death of a woman with whom she was passionately in love and whose last years were far across the borderland of insanity.

II

Yes, all the opportunities are there, in that tragic story, for a smart fellow really to go to town in a hotcha review. But it is surprising to me that Dr. Edman, whom I have known to write with charm, humor, and humility in *Philosopher's Holiday*, took advantage of them. For, although Dr. Edman sneers at Ellis' suggestion that his may take a place among the world's great frank autobiographies, I sincerely believe it will; and that, moreover, Havelock

Ellis' *My Life* has a higher merit both in literary style and in the truth of self-revelation than any of the classic autobiographers — Casanova, Rousseau, and St. Augustine — Ellis mentions. Dr. Edman is repulsed by and is sarcastic about Ellis' “egotism,” pointing out that “On one page he agrees with those friends who find in him ‘the faun and the satyr.’ On another page he holds up the happy mirror to his own rational detachment. There is, after about a forty-page account of his ancestors, a summary of which virtues of each branch of the family entered into the making of his ‘rounded and harmonious character.’ ”

Now any man who writes about himself, even for a posthumous record, runs the risk of being dismissed as conceited by the superficial if he fails to deprecate his obvious merits or fails to speak of himself with a becoming humility. Yet, in Ellis' case, it is part and parcel of the whole scheme of his autobiography to be frank and truthful about his good points, as he sees them, as it is solemnly and dispassionately to set down those intimate details about himself which a more truly conceited and egotistical man would conceal. When Dr. Edman is writing about himself, as he does in

Philosopher's Holiday, he assumes, for literary purposes, a tone of false humility, which has a certain charm, but which deceives nobody with any sense, because it is obvious that Dr. Edman thinks very well of himself (and with good reason) and that he is quite certain of the correctness of his view of things. If Dr. Edman were not addicted to the rhetorical device of ingratiating self-deprecation and therefore rather fancies it in others, it is inconceivable that he could have read that overwhelmingly moving and tragic last chapter of Ellis' autobiography without being so moved by it and disturbed by it that it would have been impossible for him to say it is "extraordinary only in the clinical sense, and as an example of wonderful patience on his part."

Here is an example of "a heart laid bare" in a more starkly profound sense than Baudelaire ever meant, and a professor of philosophy thinks it is extraordinary only in a clinical sense! When one has meditated over this chapter and reflected on the serenity of it and upon the fact that Ellis lived to the age of 80, writing to the very last in full possession of his faculties, one realizes that Ellis indeed did achieve a "rounded and harmonious character"; for nothing

less than that, nothing less than a sound personal philosophy, could have withstood the catastrophic assaults upon his mind and personality by the tragedy in his life without going utterly to pieces.

One other phrase of Dr. Edman's, I shall have to dispose of: "There is a solemn account of early literary efforts; and a great deal of hack editing is taken *au grand sérieux*." It is to be regretted that Dr. Edman's knowledge of literary scholarship is so inadequate; any amateur bibliophile could have told him that the editorship of the Mermaid Series of the Best Plays of the Old Dramatists, which was originally consigned to Havelock Ellis as editor-in-chief, is no mere bit of hack editing but a fine and conscientious piece of scholarship, informed with a lively sense of literary values; that it remains an event in British publishing; and that here, for the first time, is set down the inside story of that series, Ellis' contribution to it, how he came to be deprived of the editorship and how little he was paid for such painstaking work.

III

Ellis died in July, 1939. He had been working, on and off, on portions of this autobiography for

forty years. Variations in the style are detectable; but, on the whole, it has a remarkable cohesion of form and manner. He finished the book just a few months before his death. I know of no book in the history of literature that is more recognizably frank and utterly sincere, more startlingly revelatory or more sincerely intended to be a contribution to the study and amelioration of the emotional problems of tortured and unhappy human beings. It was reserved to Ellis, pioneer in the study of the psychology of sex and the first, last and most formidable challenger of the tradition of pruriency, secrecy, and taboo in the era that is rather loosely described as Victorian, to write his own case history as the most touching and most astounding of all the case histories he assembled in his studies.

To Ellis, more than to any other writer in the English language, we owe the great dissociation of ideas that have now come about among civilized people — the ideas which once linked love with sin and the phenomena of the nervous reflexes of sexual behavior to depravity. The lives and health of thousands of innocent persons are now guarded by laws and medical reform through the gradual infiltration of ideas which, if Ellis did

not always originate, he gave force and currency — ideas backed by a solidly built reputation for intellectual integrity and the scientific spirit, a reputation built under the greatest handicaps of legal prescription, public prejudice, professional attacks, and social obloquy and in an atmosphere of almost unrelenting poverty, even after Ellis had become world famous.

Ellis was a pioneer, not only in the study of sex, but in the study of esthetics, literature, painting, music, and life. Much of his work now seems dated to us, but only because others who took from him have made those ideas familiar and even commonplace. His great prose poem, *The Dance of Life*, has, essentially, very little to it; but one who comes upon it for the first time is still likely to find it an exhilarating paean to life, a counterblast to pessimism. Many of his literary judgments on the European writers he introduced to the English-speaking public remain just appraisals today. And his essays, whether he was writing on *Stendhal* or on the folk dances of Andalusia, have the quality of creating in the reader the excitement and the enthusiasm he felt for so many of the happier and more beautiful aspects of life.

Of Havelock Ellis it might be

said that he led and had a noble, useful, and happy life, even though the facts as he relates them would seem, superficially, to deny this. He opened the sex-conscious era, the toxin of Victorian secrecy producing the antitoxin of the era of unbridled frankness and possibly too great a preponderance of emphasis on sex in literary work and

in parlor conversation; but his principal work remains a monument to the dissemination of useful knowledge and humanity has reason to be grateful for his having lived.

His life story leaves us with the hopeful conclusion that not all the great tragic problems of life are insuperable and insoluble.

THE CHECK LIST

(Additional reviews on page v)

FICTION

CAPTAIN ABBY AND CAPTAIN JOHN, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A doting chronicle of the spume-flecked life which flourished on the Maine seacoast not so long ago. Mr. Coffin draws his material from the records, diaries, and letters of the nineteenth century and for the sea-souled landlubber it recaptures the grandeur that was the old sailing vessel and the stern Yankees whose lives were built around it.

THE WITCH IN THE WOOD, by T. H. White. \$2.50. *Putnam*. Mr. White makes use of his medieval lore to kid along the Arthurian legend. The princelings go hunting the unicorn with the kitchen maid as bait and the Queen goes hunting for two stalwart knights while the King is away to the wars. He writes home not to worry, "none of us can be shot, because we are generals . . . am bringing back an Unknown Warrior to bury at Lothian. . . ." Whiffery in the Cabell manner.

ASK THE DUST, by John Fante. \$2.00. *Stackpole*. The author of *Wait Until the Spring*, *Bandini* continues with his lyrical personal prose. The plot of the budding novelist who gets daffy about a Mexican waitress who in turn loves the tubercular bartender is pressed out of old apples. But the tender episodes of frustration and the story of Camilla who turns first to dope and then to death to escape the world pressing in upon her is sweet writing.

SAVE THE SUN, by Hassoldt Davis. \$2.50. *Holt*. Judy and Michael go native on a South Sea island and try to recapture the love that has faded in the acid years of their marriage. Mr. Davis' characters are real and his setting is authentic. Some of their adventures are strained, however, and the plot is bogged down in swamp spots of melodrama and cheap coincidence. On the whole the writing is dexterous and suffused with an affection for the grace and charm of the natives.

PAST THE END OF THE PAVEMENT, by Charles G. Finney. \$2.00. *Holt*. The author of *The Circus of Dr. Lao* does a more conventional book about two kids and their passion for pets: water beetles, frogs, turtles, and a drake. Has a soothing, sunny flavor for those who still pine for the hometown but introduces nothing very original in the way of theme, type, or kid antics.

TABLETOP, by Eden Phillpotts. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Buried treasure and Benny's skeleton are sought for and found by our heroes and heroine. For a while a spider, huge as a giant gorilla, spinning webs as thick as rope upsets the apperart. Fancy mystery.

BOSS MAN, by Louis Cochran. \$2.50. *Caxton Printers*. Crude, unfinished story about the South which has a rugged power and veracity that makes it significant. The characters are drawn with broad, brutal strokes and the story is slim. Nevertheless Mr. Cochran has succeeded in giving a more accurate picture of the South with its feudal hangovers, its grim sharecropper's life, and its paradoxes than many more experienced writers.

BIOGRAPHY

JOHANN STRAUSS, FATHER AND SON, by H. E. Jacob. \$3.25. *Greystone*. More than the story of the two Johanns. Besides their history Mr. Jacob relates much about Mother Strauss, Josef, and Eduard. An interesting historical background runs lightly through the whole book, with such composers as Schumann, Liszt, Offenbach, Wagner, and others showing their influence upon the Strauss family.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR, by James T. Powers. \$3.50. *Putnam*. Jimmy Powers' acting days go way back to the middle of the last century and cover every possible vicissitude of the trouper's career. There is much gusto in his life story, and many laughs.

A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP, by Mary Ellen Chase. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. In a one-room Maine schoolhouse, a progressive western farm school, a Catholic college or Smith, Miss Chase makes teaching seem a delightful and entertaining profession. Everyone who reads this sagely written autobiography will wish they had been taught by such a wise teacher.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE LIVING TRADITION, by Simeon Strunsky. \$3.50. *Doubleday Doran*. In his calm, deliberate prose Mr. Strunsky, *Times'* editorial writer, argues the position that the American tradition is by no means passé. There is still opportunity and a solution to the problems of a turbulent world inherent in America. Mr. Strunsky believes that "the prospects favor the persistence of the American people as the middle nation which history has made it. It is a character that belies its popular reputation. . . ." The American people is "not a frontier or a gunman society but a small-town society." The author deplores the tendency to regard extremes in social situations and conduct as the standard and finds America truly represented in the great averages. But he draws generalities based on similarly limited evidence and claims that, "Equality is today a condition more widespread and a character trait more salient than it has ever been in the country's history." Surely if this is true a very special meaning must be given to the word "equality" and extensive inequalities in the economic and social sphere which have increased must be discounted. On the whole the book should stir up a bit of excitement. Mr. Strunsky has gone poking into left-wing hornets' nests and the results should be diverting.

FLOWERING EARTH, by Donald Culross Peattie. \$2.50. *Putnam*. Mr. Peattie has accomplished the difficult feat of injecting oomph into botany. Algae, seaweed, ferns, and diatoms, you'll be surprised to learn, lead intricate biological existences with all the

drama of emotional conflict and Freudian complexes. Deserves a comfortable nook on the expanding bookshelf of personalized science.

INCREDIBLE ERA: The Life and Times of Warren Gamaliel Harding, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. Far and away the best-written account of the apolaustic small-town editor who stumbled into the Presidency that has appeared. Mr. Adams combines an eye for color with a penchant for the sharpest precision of statement that makes for brilliant history. Few twentieth century political figures lend themselves to graphic biography as readily as the easy-going, feebly educated newspaperman who was made the Republican candidate by a handful of Party bosses and was then elected by a people grown weary of Wilson and the war. The office was too big for the man and Harding himself knew this. "Often-times, as I sit here," he told David Lawrence, "I don't seem to grasp that I am President." The minor mysteries — Harding's genealogy, the rumors about his death, his affair with Nan Britton — are crisply examined and summed-up. Mr. Adams' book is a major contribution to the history of an amazing period and his consummate artistry playing on the incredible times makes a factual account which is far stranger than fiction.

MIND EXPLORERS, by John K. Winkler with the collaboration of Walter Bromberg, M.D. \$3.00. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. The story of mental healing, told through the lives of its more significant practitioners from the phrenologists to Freud. This *Time*-stylized account is fast reading and hits the high spots. The usual number of over-simplifications make things easy — and somewhat inaccurate — for the layman while ruffling the sensibilities of the specialist.

WOE UNTO YOU, LAWYERS, by Fred Rodell. \$2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Another embattled professor from the Yale Law School takes up the Thurman Arnold cudgel and

smites the legal fraternity lustily upon the pate. Lawyers are belabored as latter day medicine men who hold the community in thrall by invoking quaint, abstract principles with no possible relation to the solid substance of human affairs. Meanwhile, the layman is kept mystified by the incomprehensibly baffling mummary of the learned brethren. The remedy advanced: laws that mean what they say and commissions of experts who say what they mean.

CARIBBEAN TREASURE, by Ivan T. Sanderson. \$3.00. *Viking*. A blend of zoölogy and personal history by a young Englishman who did the caves, jungles, and deserts of Trinidad, Haiti, and Surinam. Interesting anecdotes about such pretties as the *Desmodus* — Trinidad's bloodlapping bat, a minor but effective version of the legendary vampire. Mr. Sanderson's humor is of the quiet, knowing-smile type which lights up the more serious discussion of animals on location.

THE VAMPIRE ECONOMY: Doing Business Under Fascism, by Guenter Reimann. \$3.00. *Vanguard*. One of the very few authoritative studies of the Nazi economy. Well-written, carefully documented, this goes far beyond its theme of analyzing business under fascism to consider questions relevant to the war in progress and the future development of National Socialism. For an understanding of the war in Europe, Dr. Reimann's book is quite as important as the morning papers.

AMERICAN TEL & TEL, The Story of a Great Monopoly, by Horace Coon. \$3.00. *Longmans Green*. Mr. Coon seeks out facts with the persistence of an ant-eater looking for its dietary staple. His story of the Bell system is a meticulous job of research not without its moments of drama and comedy. The issue of "Who invented the telephone?" is raised again and his piecing together of the record does violence to the schoolbook account which gives exclusive credit to Alexander Graham Bell without mentioning the earlier work of Elisha Gray.

THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN FILM, a critical history, by Lewis Jacobs. \$4.50. *Harcourt Brace*. The complete history of the motion picture. With the author we pan down the entire course of the development, move in for closeups of significant cinematic personalities, dissolve to the social, financial, esthetic. Appended is the most extensive bibliography yet published on the subject. This book becomes the standard text for students and devotees of this most popular of the arts.

FROM NAZI SOURCES: Why Hitler Can't Win, by Fritz Sternberg. \$1.75. *Alliance Book Corp.* Dr. Sternberg, making use of books and periodicals written or endorsed by the Nazis, seeks to show that Germany's single chance for military victory was in *blitzkrieg*. Since this failed to materialize and a protracted war looms on the Nazi horizon, Hitler may as well cash in his chips and call the whole thing off because he cannot win. German needs in foodstuffs and raw materials intensified by the war cannot be met by Poland, southeastern Europe, Russia, or Italy. The English blockade prevents imports from abroad. Finally, "the present German Government embarked upon the war without possessing any truly reliable mass basis among the millions of the German people." As testimony "out of their own mouths" the volume is highly significant; the industry and intelligence of the author are beyond question. Whether history will support his thesis is today the largest question for humankind.

AMERICAS TO THE SOUTH, by John T. Whitaker. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Mr. Whitaker's approach to the countries of our neighbor continent is from the point of view of the queries directed to him by average Americans. He gives straightforward and adequate attention to the governments, the prejudices and the growing totalitarian influences. An American League of Nations as a "final answer to the forces that threaten our civilization" is the author's idea.

YOU AMERICANS, Edited by B. P. Adams. \$2.50. *Funk & Wagnalls*. Fifteen correspondents of foreign newspapers open up in this cleverly-conceived symposium and voice a few mutually contradictory thoughts on *los Americanos*. Carlos Dávila of Chile believes that by and large the American system has "an essential and astounding unity that bears the stamp of a movement toward a loftier form of social organization." On the other end of the telescope is Alberto Caprile, Jr., of Argentine who glumly tells us, "I fear you are about where Germany was in 1931, facing a choice between chaos and dictatorship." The American woman gets a big hand but the jack-in-the-box custom, *de rigueur* in some circles, of bouncing up and down with the exits and entrances of our belles comes in for a razzing. Guenther Reinhardt lets on that foreign correspondents crib unabashedly from our favorite gossip columns to meet demands of their editors for inside dope.

FOR GOLD AND GLORY, by Charles B. Parmet. \$3.50. *Carrick & Evans*. The story of thoroughbred horseracing in America, told by an expert in colorful style. Recommended for the racing-conscious.

PRINTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF CHARLESTON, by Elizabeth O'Neill Verner. \$10.00. *Bostick & Thornley*. Forty-eight exceptionally beautiful etchings, a magnificent printing job, and a charming introductory essay by the artist.

HOW CRIMINALS ARE CAUGHT, by Arnold Miles. 60¢. *Macmillan*. The Peoples Library adds a volume on the pursuit of the criminal. Mr. Miles goes into police techniques during the hunt and what they do after the chase. The brutal third degree is "very nearly a thing of the past," says the author. He does not consider the arbitrary police and court practices which are especially prevalent in some parts of the country when dealing with impoverished transients.

THE OPEN FORUM

LABOR PROTESTS

SIR: I have never read an article so unfair to labor as "Labor in the World of Tomorrow" by Stanley High in your November issue. I worked at the Fair for several months in a foreman's capacity and would like to acquaint you with some facts I know to be true. It is mentioned that some workmen and foremen at the New York World's Fair received as much as \$12, \$14, and \$16 per hour. I do not know any foreman that worked under the jurisdiction of Local No. 3 who received that much an hour. Even the foremen running the largest jobs, with the most overtime, did not receive such an amount. It is also mentioned that some foreign governments could have a job completed for \$30, whereas it cost \$600 here. I answer this by saying they could probably have it done for a much cheaper figure by hiring imported Chinese labor.

It states that the Fair and some Labor leaders could not have the overtime pay of time and a half or double time modified. This is very true. I know of a great many cases where exhibitors had already signed with the Fair for their sites, but, when approached about starting building, did not heed the suggestions. Those exhibitors who followed the suggestion, found that their work did not cost them 1¢ overtime. I did not note any mention of this in your article. Nor did you make note of the fact that our own United States building was not completed at the time of the opening of the Fair in Paris, and that it certainly cost us plenty to have it completed.

I worked on one job which in normal times would take about three months to complete, but the exhibitor started us on March 30th, to finish it for April 29th. When this same exhibitor was approached and asked to start his job early, he said he was too busy working on something in New York, and therefore he

had no time to arrange plans for our work. If you think all the rules and regulations of our Union should be broken for exhibitors of this sort, *I do not.*

STEWART McROBERTS

*Jersey City,
New Jersey.*

SIR: I wish to take exception to the article "Labor in the World of Tomorrow." In one paragraph there is a reference to the "agents of the United Scenic Artists" charging that scenic artists were forced on the Australian building at \$4.50 an hour. I am the only business agent of the United Scenic Artists. No scenic artist worked on the Australian Exhibit to my knowledge, and I have never set foot in the building or had any dealings whatsoever with anyone connected with it.

There is another reference to the United Scenic Artists pertaining to housepainters working on murals. Stanley High certainly does not know much about artists to assume that any artist would accept anyone sent from the Union to assist him or do any painting. They are very particular in the selection of an artist to execute their designs or work with them, and the Union does not dictate to them, as most mural artists are Union members.

The only work pertaining to the Murals that was performed by "Queens housepainters" was the priming of the walls over which the murals were painted for which they were paid the Queens housepainters scale of \$1.60 per hour. I defy anyone to produce one housepainter who was paid \$18 a day to "stand around and, now and then, pass up a brush."

FRED MARSHALL
*Business Representative
United Scenic Artists*

New York City.

SIR: "Labor in the World of Tomorrow" accuses Union officials and Union workmen, especially Local No. 3 IBEW, of sabotage and profiteering to increase the high cost of installation of electrical equipment at the World's Fair. This article is untrue and unfair. The statement of a \$12 to \$16 hour rate, which the writer says was necessary or Union labor would slow down their work, in itself convicts the writer of an imaginary vision. No electrical worker at the World's Fair, foremen included, received that amount of salary per hour. Furthermore Local No. 3 IBEW is strongly opposed to overtime work and does not permit it except in emergencies.

H. HORNECKER

Glendale,
Long Island.

SIR: Mr. High admits that the hourly wage paid at the New York World's Fair was no higher than the prevailing wage on all other construction projects. He then makes the extravagant assertion that, due to overtime, the normal rate was increased to as high as \$15 an hour. Of course Mr. High does not say which workers received this rate or on which part of the Fair they were working. I know that the electrical worker receives time and a half for overtime (never double, triple, or any other rate) which amounts to \$3 per overtime hour — quite different from the \$16 mentioned by Mr. High. When a building which would ordinarily require three months to erect must be completed in twenty-one days, it is easily understood that overtime labor would be necessary.

Mr. High says that much of the construction was done by Manhattan firms, and in order to use one of their local men from Manhattan, these firms had to employ two or three men from Queens. For his information, the Electrical Local No. 3 includes the five boroughs and any one of its members may work in any of the boroughs. As to rewiring of electrical machinery, this was done at the insistence of the Board of Fire Underwriters, and not the Union officials. Because the buildings were constructed of wood and were of a

temporary nature, any wiring which was considered a fire hazard had to be corrected.

WILLIAM J. CHRISTIAN

Brooklyn,
New York.

SIR: I was connected with the World's Fair on construction as well as maintenance as subforeman of electricians. If Mr. High could have been present during construction, when confusion reigned due to uncertain desires by the heads of exhibitions and their conflicting orders, changes, and revisions, he would have a different story to tell. We workingmen were only doing what the exhibitors wanted, but sometimes as many as five to twenty controlling executives would issue separate orders. Slowing down of construction was caused by above conditions and, with the Fair due to open April 30th, it necessitated the working of overtime. Every available Union electrician was put to work, and any man caught deliberately laying down on his job was laid off. Slowing down tactics supposedly ordered by Union officials is untrue.

AUSTIN P. DUFF

Hollis,
Long Island.

SIR: The New York Sign Writers Local Union 230 did not have at any time any labor trouble with the World's Fair Corp. or exhibitors. By that we definitely mean that there was no cause for the Union at any time to create a stoppage of work through a strike.

Mr. High mentions that there was a cost of \$225 for lettering at the Venezuelan Building for an area one foot wide and three feet long. That statement in all probability is a gross exaggeration because on any display made at the World's Fair the lettering probably is the completion of that display, and by no stretch of imagination can there be a cost of that amount for that small amount of lettering.

It is important to take into consideration that the Union itself and the members of the Union do not contract lettering. Whatever lettering or work was done at the World's

Fair for the exhibitor, was done by the Union contractors who employed members of our Union, and it was that contractor who, through the ethical procedure of bidding for that work, secured that work and received the price for same as agreed by the contractor and the exhibitor. Whatever cause for any emergency that may have arisen that would have required overtime and thus increased the cost of that lettering, was not the responsibility of the Union or its members. It is very important for Mr. High to realize that the designers of the various exhibitions, who had months and months of time to have their designs executed and completed in time for the opening of the Fair without any overtime, held up construction until the eleventh hour and thereby created an emergency condition wherein overtime was necessitated and desired, not by the Union, but the exhibitor himself.

A few strikes are mentioned by Mr. High, but no mention is made of the fact that over a period of almost two years with an almost emergency condition existing at all times, because the creation of the World of Tomorrow with its intricate problems is different from an ordinary construction job, that outside of two or three strikes the entire project was started and completed without any serious labor trouble.

ALBERT HYMAN
Secretary
New York Sign Writers
Local Union 230

New York City.

SIR: I was very much pleased by Stanley High's article, and compliment you on publishing it. It is time such an article was printed which shows the current tendency of labor leaders to become racketeers. I am in favor of labor Unions 100 per cent — in theory. But as Union labor is practiced these days, I'm not sure where the benefit ends and the harm begins.

Anyway, I think magazines owe it to the American people to print articles like Mr. High's, for they are read by many Union members and will help awaken in them a

sense of the real responsibilities of labor — and the knowledge that labor can easily become its own worst enemy. Labor has made great strides in recent years, and can make many more — if it will be content to take things slow and steady and not try to swallow everything at one great gulp. Labor-union members today have a greater responsibility than their predecessors in the movement ever had. They must not only watch the capitalists, but their own leaders as well. At the moment the latter seem more dangerous to labor, and articles such as Stanley High's only make us aware of this danger.

LOUIS SOMMERS

Columbus,
Ohio.

SIR: I understand that a lot of people are writing in to protest against the article by Mr. High on the labor situation at the World's Fair. I also want to protest — against the protesters. I am a workingman, but it seems to me that labor, like capital, must learn to take it as well as to dish it out. The kind of unionism which thinks only of itself, that insists on getting everything the traffic will bear, in the long-run will prove a boomerang.

I believe that the recent statement of Frank Murphy, our Attorney General, warning labor against misuse of its power is a healthy sign. When the gouging practices of some Unions are traced down to their source, nine times out of ten the fault is not with the members at all but with short-sighted or self-seeking leaders. Labor itself has the biggest interest in seeing to it that its rights do not become wrongs for others. What is the sense of labor having rights if the whole industrial setup begins to stall and backfire?

SAM B. GORDON

New York City.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: The statement that certain workers or foremen received twelve, fourteen and even sixteen dollars an hour at the World's Fair, is a quotation from a statement drawn up by a number of the foreign exhibitors and signed

by them. I suggest that Mr. McRoberts and the others who question this statement take it up with Dr. Neil Van Aken, President of the Foreign Government Concessionaires Club, and head of the Netherlands exhibit, who himself signed the statement. The data to which Mr. Marshall takes exception, regarding the amount paid at the Australian building for cleaning photographic murals, were secured from — I believe — the chief architect on that building. The authority on the item concerning the Queens house painters was Mr. Pierre Bourdelle who did a large part of the mural work in question. For further confirmation of the situation pertaining to the Independent Mural Artists' Guild, I suggest that Mr. Marshall get in touch with Mr. Dominico Mortellito, the secretary of that organization.

I should like Mr. Hornecker to refer to the statistics given in the magazine *Time* of August 21, 1939, which show the World's Fair officials as maintaining that labor disputes raised Fair costs about two million dollars and cost exhibitors and concessionaires another two million dollars.

In answer to Mr. Christian's objection, I talked to a large number of exhibitors at the Fair as well as Fair officials in preparation of this article, and all of them agreed that it was necessary to hire Queens workmen — in many cases two or three — for each Manhattan workman employed.

About Mr. Duff's complaint, I do not question for a moment but that some of the high cost of labor construction at the World's Fair was due to overlapping of executives and also to the fact that construction work was delayed in some instances until the last minute. That these items account entirely for a situation which called for the eventual and futile intervention of the United States government, Mr. William Green of the American Federation of Labor and the Fair authorities and which cost exhibitors an officially estimated minimum of four million dollars, I don't for a moment believe.

I can see no basis for Mr. Hyman's assertion that my article is "extremely unfair to organ-

ized labor." If there is, in fact, such a basis then I deeply regret it, since I am heartily in favor of organized labor — in principle and in practise. It has never and does not now seem to me, however, that the best interests of organized labor are served by a hush-hush policy toward instances where the movement has been used, locally or personally, to enforce unfair demands. This, I am convinced, is what widely happened at the Fair. The best evidence in support of that fact is found in the frequent protests of foreign exhibitors and the estimate of the World's Fair officials, themselves, that labor disputes raised Fair costs \$2,000,000 and added another \$2,000,000 to the expenses of the exhibitors and concessionaires. (See *Time*, August 21, 1939, p. 30.) The figures on the \$225 charge for the one foot by three foot letter were secured from Dr. Vincent E. Lopez, director of the Venezuelan Building. Whether it was Local 230 which was involved I cannot say.

I am aware that delays in starting construction at the Fair led to some of the overtime. My impression, after talking to dozens of exhibitors, contractors, and Fair officials, is that that delay, however, only explains a part of the exorbitant overtime that many jobs were saddled with. I do not agree either that, when, for example, the Belgian building had seven strikes, the strike situation can be lightly dismissed.

STANLEY HIGH

Noroton,
Connecticut.

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MENTAL ACROBATICS

SIR: You referred editorially recently to a statement signed by some 400 Americans abusing those who dared compare totalitarian Russia with totalitarian Germany. No doubt you knew that among the ten initiators of that amazing statement was Vincent Sheean. But did you know that the same Sheean has just published two articles in the *New Republic* in which he calls Russia fascist, totalitarian, and paints a picture of it that makes Hitler's land look tolerable by contrast? What a change

in less than three months! If there is some sort of medal for mental acrobatics, I vote that it be given to Mr. Sheean.

Denver,
Colorado.

ETTA LUDWIG



FOR MR. RASCOE

SIR: Burton Rascoe is an eminent literary critic, and therefore he has no doubt read a great many books in his time, but does his wide reading necessarily make him an authority on anthropology? In his article, "All in the Name of Anthropology," he implies that he knows as much about the subject as Prof. Earnest Hooton, and any two others of the same profession. I am afraid that Mr. Rascoe has allowed himself to be piqued by some of Prof. Hooton's thoughts upon the State of Man, principally because they do not agree with his own.

Mr. Rascoe has tried to defame anthropology, as a science, by referring to it as a "hazardous hobby, the most distinguished results of which have been achieved by amateurs . . ." It would seem, on some reflection, that this is no defamation, particularly when we remember such men as Leonardo da Vinci, Descartes, Francis Bacon, Benjamin Franklin, and Count Rumford, and the important contributions they have made to many fields of science and philosophy — as amateurs.

Mr. Rascoe goes on to sneer at Professor Hooton's "view" that increased mechanization of our lives will produce adverse physical and mental results, unless we are aware of the danger and take steps to avoid it. The only argument Mr. Rascoe seems capable of producing against this "view" is that it has been expressed, "off and on, ever since you were knee-high to a grasshopper." I fail to see this as a very strong argument. It is obvious that Mr. Rascoe does not agree with the "view" that mechanization is helping gradually to weaken the human race, but let him produce a better one. How does he account for our increased neuroses, for the flaccid, stomach-troubled city-dweller, for the restless dis-

satisfaction of the assembly-line worker — to mention a few examples?

Mr. Rascoe also holds up, with subtle jeers, Professor Hooton's disagreement with the idea that "the accumulation of knowledge implies a proportionate increase in the intelligence of human beings who contribute to that knowledge not one iota . . ." It has always seemed to me that there is a great difference between intelligence and knowledge — that intelligence is a certain mental quality with which one is born, and which one can develop, but which one cannot acquire in great degree excepting through a fortunate heredity; and that knowledge is a product of education, of learning — an acquired stock of information. With these definitions in mind, it seems that Professor Hooton is not far wrong, particularly when we can find ready examples of honor students and Ph.D.'s who do not know enough to come in out of the rain and have been left in the backwash of petty bureaucracies and second-rate industries.

There is not space to state my further objections to Mr. Rascoe's review. My purpose has been to defend Professor Hooton from an unintelligent attack, and to try feebly to counteract any coldness toward his *The Twilight of Man* that Mr. Rascoe may have produced. Prof. Hooton's book is worth reading, not because it is a bible of anthropology, nor because everything in it is irrefutable, but because it makes the reader think about things to which he has hitherto probably given little thought, believing them to have been things — like *Sex and God* in the Victorian Era — which somehow took care of themselves.

EDWIN THATCHER

Brooklyn,
New York



POOL ISN'T PASSING

SIR: Edward Jerome Vogeler's "Passing of the Pool Shark" article in the November MERCURY pulls no punches. However, there are two sides to every question, and unfortunately only the seamy side was portrayed in your article. We would be grossly negligent if we did not answer your challenge in behalf

of the thousands of reputable billiard recreation room operators and the millions of reputable American citizens who enjoy their carom and pocket billiards in truly respectable surroundings. Situations such as Mr. Vogeler reported are becoming a thing of the past — and until every questionable “pool room” is out of business, we won’t relax in our efforts to bring billiards back to the gentlemen and ladies of our land.

Believe it or not, this *is* being done every day. New, up-to-the-minute rooms are operating by the Association of College Unions and other organizations in every section of the country where billiards recreation is conducted under the most ideal conditions and enjoyed by people of unquestioned social standing.

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Director of Advertising and

Sales Promotion

Chicago.

DR. BARNES AND NEUTRALITY

SIR: I have just read and been properly appalled by Harry Elmer Barnes' article, “When Last We Were Neutral” in your November issue. Dr. Barnes is, as you doubtless know, a well-known German sympathizer, who, for reasons best known to himself, prefers to live in this country rather than follow the logical course and adopt as his own land that (to him) gem of perfection, Hitler Germany.

Such obvious German propaganda would be bad enough if Germany were still at peace with the world, but at a time like this, when anti-German sentiment is running high in all civilized countries, one can only wonder what your motive in publishing the article can possibly be. I have never read an article so well calculated to infuriate large numbers of readers. Have you decided to turn into an out-and-out Fascist rag? It certainly seems to me that some explanation is due your readers for this article, which reads like a Hitler or Goering speech.

DOROTHY LISTER

*Norwood,
Ohio.*

SIR: “When Last We Were Neutral,” which you published this month, would carry neutrality to inhuman lengths! After all, a self-respecting nation can’t turn more than two cheeks to the smiter! Be neutral, brother, while you feel that way; but be fair about it. In 1914, we didn’t march into Belgium or sink the *Lusitania* or laugh at your notes or offer Texas to Mexico. In 1917–1918, you fought and licked the guys that did. In 1939, we didn’t rape Poland or razz the Jews and Czechs or tease you over the *City of Flint*.

If I were Hitler I’d lay off and not try your neutrality too far.

BENNY BENSON

(Late 148th Battalion

Canadian Expeditionary Force)

Quebec.

MORE ISLAND EXILES

SIR: My own choice for ten companions — as per your recent contest — if stranded on a desert island (reasonable climate and vegetation taken for granted) would be:

1. A pair of donkeys (male and female) for making a livelihood.
2. The works of Homer, Aristophanes, Horace, Cicero, Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Rabelais, etc., in the original; and Cervantes' “Don Quixote,” Boccaccio's “Decameron,” and the like in good translations.
3. A good radio; a phonograph with records.
4. Paraphernalia to make my own hard likker and beer.
5. A pair of mongrels (different sexes) to have real companionship.
6. A microscope.
7. A telescope.
8. A rowboat, convertible for sailing.
9. A good army rifle.
10. A fairly young healthy woman — but she would have to dwell at the other end of the island when not wanted.

O. J. M.

New York City.

FACTS ON MIGRATION

SIR: Recently I read Alan Devoe's article on bird migration in your issue. I found it entertaining but not terribly accurate. To illustrate: He speaks of robins, presumably preparing for migration, ever since July leading their fledglings to communal roosting places. Now, as robins raise two and three broods a season, the last sometimes not out of the nest till mid-August, it is just fantastic to speak of them in any such way.

He speaks of "trial flights" of such birds as grackles, swallows, and starlings, how they mass together and "all day wheel and veer through the sky." No one has yet proved that the massing of birds in flocks and their flying about in the late summer (certainly not all day) are trial flights in preparation for the migration. That is mere guesswork. And I might also remark that starlings do not migrate anyway, but are here in the North all year round.

He declares that the bobolink is one of the first to go south, leaving in late July. The bobolink sticks around till autumn, and Dr. Frank M. Chapman lists it among the October migrants. I take Chapman as a better authority than Devoe.

He remarks that the swiftest travelers, having no fear of hawks, fly by day; all others by night. This is partly true and partly false; that they fly by day because they have no fear of hawks is plain guesswork, and among the swiftest travelers are ducks and geese which fly both day *and* night, as any tyro in ornithology knows.

I could quote more, but this is enough. The whole article struck me as a compilation of erratic statements put cleverly together to read well.

HORACE J. FENTON

Eagleville,
Connecticut.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: Every writer on nature is accustomed to occasional accusations of error; and every such writer is also accustomed to admitting that he is capable of small slip-ups. Mr. Fen-

ton's sweeping and hostile charge of nature-fakery, however, is quite another matter, implying as it does that I freely falsify the facts of natural history for literary effect.

Let me say at the outset that Mr. Fenton is quite right in reposing faith in Dr. Frank M. Chapman. Dr. Chapman is the dean of American ornithologists, and a greater authority than I am ever likely to be. I am entirely willing that Dr. Chapman's published statements about birds should be the measure of the reliability of my own. On this basis, I take up Mr. Fenton's points one by one:

In Dr. Chapman's monograph on migration, *The Travels of Birds*, the chapter on preparations for migration says: "One of the best ways to prepare for a long journey is to make a short one. So we find that before many birds embark on their great air-voyage which is to take them from their summer to their winter home, they first make daily trips between their sleeping quarters and their feeding-ground. Such is the habit of our robin. When the first family leaves the nest, early in June, it is taken by the father robin to some dense leafy growth of young trees to pass the night. To this place they return every night. Many other robins, sometimes thousands of them, come to the same woods. Such resorts are known as robin roosts. In flying to and from them the young birds learn how to find their way."

That the mass trial-flights of birds in late summer are preparations for migration is the long-established hypothesis of ornithologists. Whether it is "proved" or not, it is the view held by Dr. Chapman and authoritatively promulgated by him in many books and monographs. I am aware that starlings are year-round residents in the north, but Mr. Fenton should also know that they make mass-journeys of many miles in the fall in search of fresh feeding-grounds.

In a short article, it is not possible to give in detail the varying migration-dates of birds in varying regions, but only to make generalizations. When I stated that bobolinks start to go south in late July, I meant that such is their behavior over a broad region. Quite

likely they stay later where Mr. Fenton lives. As for the general migration-pattern of bobolinks, I again cite Dr. Chapman: "On the Atlantic coast no bobolinks nest south of Philadelphia. So when they are seen in Washington during the last week in July, we know that they are already embarked on their great voyage to the south."

It is perfectly true that most ducks and geese, as well as snipe and plover, fly both by day and night, nor is there any statement in my article which would deny it. As to the question of hawk-fear, I cite for the last time Dr. Chapman, who has this to say: "Why should not all birds travel when they have light to see the way, and sleep at night as they do when they are not migrating? The answer is that only those birds venture forth by day which can fly fast enough to escape from bird-killing hawks."

ALAN DEVOE

Hillsdale,
New York.



THE RESIDENT COMMISSIONER OBJECTS

SIR: The article "Japan Takes Over the Philippines" in the November *MERCURY* strikes me as erroneous, misleading, and unfair. No argument is necessary, I am sure, to convince you of the injustice of a general indictment against Filipino legislators such as is contained in these words: "It is an open secret in Washington and Manila that members of the National Assembly vote with a benevolent eye on Tokyo." Or in these:

These dummy transactions, it is said, are arranged by a ring of prominent Philippine lawyers, many of them members of the National Assembly who have been brought under Japanese influence by the *regalo* — gift-giving — system, or by retainers to act as counsel for big Japanese credit-extending companies.

Of course, the author of the article cleverly hides behind phrases like "it is said" or "reports say," and tends to cast reflection on President Quezon with so flimsy a basis as

that "... a daughter of President Quezon acted as the principal attendant at the marriage of one of the Fabella daughters." Your own high sense of justice and propriety must rebel at such tactics or at such bald statements as: "Recent reports say that the actions of President Manuel Quezon himself have been watched closely by the Administration . . ."

I feel it is my duty to inform you, since the article seems to use Congressman Alexander and articles he caused to be inserted in the *Congressional Record* as authority, that, when the latter proposed a congressional investigation I replied "that the Philippine Government would welcome a Congressional investigation of any aspect of Philippine national life," my full reply appearing in the *Record*; and that, when Representative Alexander was evidently giving credence to one Porfirio U. Sevilla, inserting articles from him in the *Record*, I wrote Mr. Alexander furnishing him information of the police record of Sevilla and other information. On October 4, 1939, the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Times* both published the news that Sevilla, "was sentenced to a year and a day in a Federal penitentiary . . . on a plea of guilty to a ten-count mail fraud and conspiracy indictment growing out of Sevilla's extortionate methods. . . ."

The relationship between the United States and the Philippines these last forty years has been so close and friendly that it must be the purpose and resolve of thinking Americans and Filipinos, not to mar it, but to strengthen it especially in times of so much misinformation and misunderstanding and in a world so tried and war-torn.

J. M. ELIZALDE

*Resident Commissioner of the
Philippines to the United States*

Washington, D. C.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: I have looked vainly through Mr. Elizalde's letter for any specific refutation of any of the examples, figures, or historic facts cited in my article. It is true, as he says, that Porfirio U. Sevilla recently was sentenced to

Federal Penitentiary, and that this same Sevilla had previously induced a Congressman to insert statements in the *Congressional Record* which were apparently attacks upon President Quezon and the Resident Commissioner. But Mr. Elizalde here is making expert use of a weapon which the Institute of Propaganda Analysis has called the association-of-ideas technique. Sevilla was sent to jail for mail fraud and conspiracy. Sevilla attacked President Quezon and Mr. Elizalde. Therefore, the attack, itself, must have been unwarranted. I am sorry that Mr. Elizalde did not concern himself with the fundamental points.

BRYCE OLIVER

New York City.

~

RESPECT FOR SEX

SIR: I think your Mr. L. S. Cramer of Boston has entirely misunderstood my attitude in regard to "Sex Under the Swastika." I have such profound respect for the capacity for procreation that I am merely demanding or pleading that it be treated with as much solemnity at least as we accord to the breeding of stock or vegetables or fruit. My main point was our busying ourselves excessively with the morals of other countries while we blithely ignore the conditions existing in our own. I feel that I must reassure him that I have the most profound regard for sex in all its manifestations and could prove to him that he is mistaken in his judgment of me, if I had the opportunity.

BELINDA JELLIFFE

New York City.

~

ADD AMERICAN VIOLENCE

SIR: Mr. Holbrook covers the field abundantly in "Our Tradition of Violence" in the November *MERCURY*, but here are a few additional incidents which might be included. Right in the early days of the Republic there was Shays' Rebellion. In 1798 there was the "Whiskey Insurrection." By 1812 we find in Baltimore the turbulent "Charles Street riots." By 1826 we come across the "anti-

Masonic party." Up in New York, one William Morgan, a renegade Mason, was abducted by his former buddies and taken up to Niagara where they dumped him in the Falls. Returning to Baltimore, we find the "bank riots of 1835." Then comes to mind the "Free Soil" and "bleeding Kansas" excitement of the fifties. And then the very cantankerous "Know Nothing" movement about 1856. These gentry had no use for the Catholics or for the "foreigners." For good measure we might also bring in the Negro uprising of 1859 at Harper's Ferry. Hiking through the decades we are further reminded of the "Cincinnati Courthouse Riots" of 1884, when the citizens burned down the courthouse and forty-eight were killed and 145 wounded. Near the present time we must not forget the *IWW* *doings out west in 1919*. And of course the race commotions about the same time in East St. Louis and Washington, D. C. It's a gaudy show.

As to battle, murder, and sudden death, this country can hold up its head with the best of them. It has done itself proud.

FRED VETTER

Washington, D. C.

~

FOR SENATOR REYNOLDS

SIR: I wish I were a resident of North Carolina so that I could vote for Bob Reynolds for any office to which he might aspire. "Senator Reynolds Saves America" in the November *MERCURY* says that his objectives are to: keep America out of war; register and fingerprint all aliens; stop all immigration for the next ten years, deport all alien criminals and undesirables; banish all foreign issues." And also, it is said, he blocked the measure for admitting "20,000 refugee children to this country." Looks to me as if Bob had more sense than is to be commonly found in the halls of congress. Outside of New York City there are only small minorities who would not consider that Bob's objectives are indeed commendable.

EDWIN B. CALLAHAN

*Springfield,
Massachusetts.*

WHO'S LOONY NOW?

SIR: In a recent issue of the *MERCURY*, Gorham Munson predicted that the Social Credit party would control the Province of Quebec "after the next election." Mr. Munson was 100 per cent wrong in his predictions. The Alliance Liberale Nationale which embraced Social Credit principles did not elect a single member in the recent Quebec provincial elections. The Aberhart-Duplessis axis was completely smashed and the Liberal Party returned to power.

FRANK CUSACK

*Calgary,
Alberta.*

~

IN BRIEF

The easiest way to refute an argument is to call its author unpleasant names. A number of correspondents take this easy path in meeting the facts in Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes' "When Last We Were Neutral." The article is its own answer when it says: "It would be foolish and cowardly to blur the facts or ignore the lessons of the earlier period. . . . Whatever the implications for our own day, it is inefaceable history." . . . Warren T. Hanley of Santa Barbara, California, transmits a compliment for Countess R. G. Waldeck who, he writes, "evidently practices the Americanism we preach instead of the Americanism we practice." . . . Neither side ever wins a war, insists Warren L. Howell of Denison University, Granville, Ohio; and therefore our editorial assertion that "We want the democracies to win" is on the foolish side. Maybe it is, but we still want them to win; or to put it more correctly, we decidedly do not want Hitler and Stalin to win. . . . If Burton

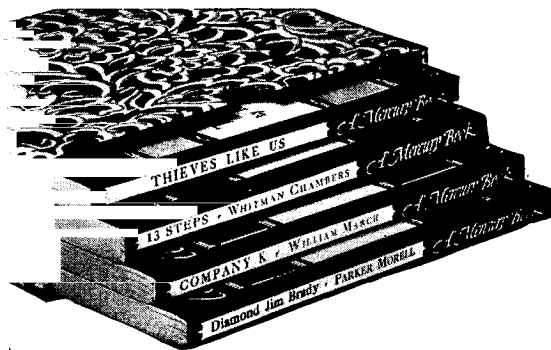
Rascoe, as he indicated, doesn't give two hoots for Prof. Hooton, there are evidently some readers ready to razz Rascoe. Selma Smith Croll of San Francisco, for instance, thinks that Mr. Rascoe's defense of the human race is unwarranted. "After all," she writes, "that race has produced literary critics, and so deserves no quarter." . . . Stimulated by Noah Rotwein's article on loan sharks in our September issue, the New York Association of Personal Finance Companies has adopted and disseminated a solemn resolution. Being unanimously opposed to the practices described in the article, the Association calls the charges to the attention of the banking officials of New York State and requests an investigation, to be followed by a public statement on the question in justice to the licensed finance companies. . . . Walter Freeman of Rivervale, New Jersey, is one of several readers who warn against a locust plague of British propagandists. In fairness to one of them, the Rt. Hon. Alfred Duff Cooper, whose article on Chamberlain we publish, we happen to know that his lecture tour was scheduled at least many months before the war started. . . . "Illogical, erroneous, and blasphemous" is the way Ted Carmack of Auburn, Alabama, describes Owen P. White's "comparison of potato farmers in Suffolk County, Long Island, and Southern cotton planters." . . . From Richard Schellens of Redwood City, California: "What Eugene Lyons says about the causes of the present war is superficial nonsense, contrary to the facts. Even 'the remotest village inhabitant' has sense enough to know that the Versailles treaty, and nothing else, is the cause of this second war, no matter how cunningly you try to confuse the issue." We simply dote on such full-bodied disagreement. Let's have more.



THE CONTRIBUTORS

WALLACE BIGGS (*A Man Is Hanged*) is in charge of journalism courses at Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania; he is at work on a book tentatively called *Traveling on the Margin*. DAVID BROWN (*Santa Claus Industry*) is a newspaperman and radio writer who contributes frequently to magazines. UPTON CLOSE (1930-1940, *Decade of Deceit*) has just completed a textbook on modern history; he is the author of several books on foreign affairs and two novels, and lectures widely on international politics. THE RT. HON. ALFRED DUFF COOPER (*Neville Chamberlain*) is the author of *Talleyrand* and other works; he is at present in the United States on a lecture tour. HERBERT COREY (*Great God McNutt*) has covered the Washington scene for many newspapers and magazines. JOHN GOULD FLETCHER (*Deer Dance*) is the distinguished poet, essayist, and translator. DAVID ROBINSON GEORGE (*Mail Order Matrimony*), a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, is on the staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. ERNEST O. HAUSER (*The Fabulous Sassoons*), author of a forthcoming book on Shanghai, has lived in the Orient. Stewart H. Holbrook (*Western Males Are Sissies*) is the author of the recent *Iron Brew* and many other books and magazine articles. DR. WILLIAM M. KINNEY (*It's Not Natural to Be Healthy*) practises medicine in Joplin, Missouri; he is a graduate of the Northwestern University Medical School. ERNEST LEHMAN (*Santa Claus Industry*) has been financial editor, sports columnist, and radio scriptwriter. ANNA KATHERINE PROMMEL (*I Know a Road*) lives in Denver, Colorado. DAVID ROSS (*Go Dark Year*) is the noted radio announcer and anthologist. DR. FRITZ STERNBERG (*German Admirals Expect Defeat*) is well known for his studies of military economics; his most recent book is *From Nazi Sources: Why Hitler Can't Win!* JESSE STUART (*Archie Th' Oddlin'*), poet, novelist, and short story writer, frequently contributes to THE MERCURY. KEITH THOMAS (*In Cloud This History*) lives in Texas. SENATOR ARTHUR VANDENBERG of Michigan (*The New Deal Must Be Salvaged*) is regarded as among the foremost possibilities as Republican Party candidate for President in 1940.





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and gives us a fast-moving story of love, intrigue and murder.

10 The General — C. S. Forester. A vitriolic novel of romantic bravery — and at the same time an inside story of war.

11 Mantrap — Sinclair Lewis. The story of a little firebrand manicurist who finds life with her trapper husband among the Cree Indians unbearable. She sees a way out when a New York attorney on his first camping trip is brought to her home.

12 I Cover The Water-front — Max Miller's famous book containing his wise, witty, macabre tales of the Frisco docks. "Get the book and read it... for humor, good sense, wisdom and entertainment." — Burton Rascoe.

13 To The Vanquished — I. A. R. Wylie. Every moment of reading seethes with the excitement of crushing events. An extraordinary chronicle of young love during the rise of Hitler.

14 Death in the Deep South — Ward Greene. The exciting story of mob passion, violence, and under-cover politics in a

mysterious murder case. "A dramatic, searing story of American justice." — Harry Hansen.

15 Indelible — Elliot H. Paul. A stirring novel about a young musician's passion for a girl violinist. A poignant story of original humor and striking tragedy.

16 Once Too Often — Whitman Chambers. A fast-moving story of a successful lady columnist, whose blonde loveliness and predatory instincts lead her to believe that she can get away with anything in a man's world. But she traded once too often on her fascinating beauty.

17 The Prodigal Parents — Sinclair Lewis. A trenchant story of the problems of modern parenthood.

18 The Loving Spirit — Daphne Du Maurier, author of the sensational best-seller, "Rebecca." A stirring novel of the men and women of one family who loved and hated fiercely but found peace in each other.

19 East Wind: West Wind — Pearl S. Buck. This poignant novel by the author of "The Good

Earth" tells a fascinating story of conflict between the old and new China.

20 Cup of Gold — John Steinbeck, author of "The Grapes of Wrath." In the hands of Steinbeck's genius, the amazing career of Sir Henry Morgan, king of the freebooters, becomes an exciting historical romance of love and piracy.

21 The Missing Miniat-ure — Erich Kastner. A rare combination of joyous comedy and wildly exciting mystery. "It is an absolutely enchanting book." — William Lyon Phelps.

22 County Court — Roy Flinnagan. A fine, lusty novel of a small Southern town in which a murder trial throws into sudden highlight all its shadowed secrets.

23 The Devil in Satin — Dornford Yates. An exciting, pungent story of an unscrupulous woman and an unsuspecting man.

24 Divide by Two — Mildred Gilman. A moving narrative about a child of modern divorced parents who tries with startling results to arrange his life to his liking.

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pointed, beautiful melodies in symphonic
literature guided with astonishingly sensitive
variations of pace and stress to its first re-
corded performance of proper nervous in-
tensity. The rubato is so pertinent here that
some past affronts may be forgiven a con-
ductor whose slick use of it has not been
always pertinent. This is Bruno Walter; the
orchestra is the London Symphony, with
which he has made only good disks; and the
album is insistently recommended.

****†† *Symphony No. 1, in C Minor, Op. 68,
Brahms:* (Columbia Album M-383, \$7.50).
With scrupulous adherence to the details of
its score Felix Weingartner produces his third
Brahms Symphony to rank as the best on
records. Three times in fifteen years he has
recorded the First, without variation in his
reading; and this is a unique demonstration
of integrity and maturity of conception. The
privilege of following his masterly direction
falls to the London Symphony Orchestra in
a full and natural recording.

****†† *William Tell Overture, Rossini:* (Victor
Album 605, \$3.50). Commencing with
Beethoven and ending with the Lone Ranger,
the Overture still entertains without convinc-
ing, in a glittering performance by Arturo
Toscanini and the fine NBC Orchestra.

***†† *Concerto Grosso No. 5, in D, Handel:*
(Columbia Album X-142, \$3.50). Direct,
solid performance and reproduction of a
noble work. Felix Weingartner conducting
the strings (with harpsichord continuo) of
the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

†† *American Music for Orchestra*: (Victor lbum 608, \$8.00). A work apiece by five mposers, Chadwick, MacDowell, Paine, ennan and Griffes; well made, respectable usic worth occasional, but (excepting Mac- vell's *Dirge*) not frequent performance. 'ell played by the Eastman-Rochester rchestra directed by Howard Hanson.

CONCERTI

†† *Organ Concerto No. 10, in D Minor, Op. No. 4, Handel*: (Victor Album 587, \$4.50). he organ of the Germanic Museum at ambridge (Massachusetts), built to resemble ose used by Handel himself, does not, in is recording of the careful playing of E. over Biggs, clearly reveal its merits; nor is rthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta sufficiently rominent in collaboration. Valuable but dis- opointing.

†† *Flute Concerto No. 2, in D, K 314, Mozart*: (Victor Album 584, \$3.50). Music of ntinuous delight, played superbly by the atist Marcel Moyse and roughly by an 'chestra conducted by Piero Coppola; in a verely abbreviated recording nine years old.

CHAMBER-MUSIC

††† *String Trio No. 2, in G, Op. 9, No. 1, Beethoven*: (Columbia Album M-384 \$5.00). eful and understanding preparation is vident in the vitally phrased work of the asquier Trio, whose full warm tone is ough out richly by the records.

INSTRUMENTAL

††† *Eleven Sonatas, D. Scarlatti*: (Columbia lbum M-372, \$5.00). Few of these extraor- inary little pieces have been offered the eneral public before, except in Tommasini's anscription *The Good-Humored Ladies*. The ol sparkle of Robert Casadesus's pianism e seems exactly the style for such music, d the recording is on a decidedly high vel.

††† *Harpichord Music*: (Decca Album 61, 2.75). Contains nine dances by eight com- osers from Byrd to Mozart: an excellent oduction to old forms and to the harpsi- ord, generally well played (except for some mphasis on mere rhythm) by Alice Ehlers, ell recorded, and annotated by Alfred instein.

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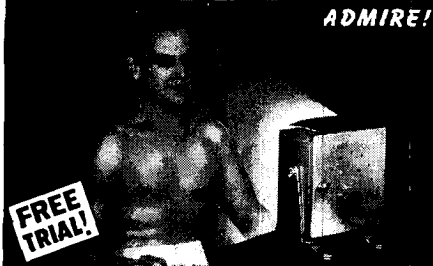
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